OFFICE 157 BROADWAY. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1836. NEW SERIES—VOL. VI. No. 44.

THINGS THEATRICAL.

A very brilliant and crowded audience was assembled at the Park theatre on Monday evening, to witness the debut of Miss Ellen Tree. Although we perceive critics disagree on this head, Miss T. has our endorsement of her judgment in selecting *Rosalind* (As You Like It) for a first appearance. Play-going people need not be told how well calculated the part of Rosalind is for the exhibition of the beautiful proportions of one distinguished beyond almost all her sex for the faultless symmetry of her person. But we confess to have little sympathy with the monkish sentimentality of that *Frenchified* afterpiece—*The Ransom*—in which Miss T. personates *Pauline*. It is neither fitted for our stage nor calculated to exhibit the refinements of the histrionic art. It may, and it *did*, excite some blubbering among the green horns, but must be distasteful, if not disgusting to the major portion of our audience.

We cannot better define Miss Tree's personal attractions than by comparing her with the Miss Johnson of ten years since, (now Mrs. Hilson). She has an eloquent eye and features, which, albeit they are seldom lit up by the irrepressible impulses of genius, are ever intellectual and engaging. Her quality of voice exceeds its volume, though her enunciation is soft and distinct, notwithstanding she frequently indulges in too great a rapidity of utterance, that her lowest tones are audible to the remotest parts of the house.

Miss Tree's histrionic aspirations have evidently led her to adopt Miss Kelly as a model, but we cannot allow that the copy, charming as it is, is comparable with the exquisite finish and genius of the original. Miss T. bears the same relation to Miss O'Neill and Mrs. Siddons that Wallack does to Kean or John Philip Kemble. Wallack and herself belong to the same school, and those who expect to find in her the leading characteristics of either Thalia or Melpomene strikingly and fully developed, or the display of sudden ebullitions of genius, at once electrifying and sublime, will surely be disappointed. Like Wallack, she is the first of her class but her class is not the first.

From frequent conversations with those *au fait* to every thing on the London boards, we had not particularly misconceived the character and style of Miss T's acting. We anticipated discovering a perfect acquaintance with all the embellishments derived from a long familiarity with the "mysteries of the art"—an entire command over every point to render it completely effective, and a delicate finish and grace thrown over the minor points, especially of those characters nowise calculated to elicit nor demanding extraordinary efforts, and we certainly were not disappointed. It was a delightful treat to witness the perfection to which her style had been wrought up. Every shade and modification of feeling—every sally of wit and playfulness was embodied and illustrated with such delicate touches of a master hand, that nothing was left to the imagination to fully realize the conception of the part.

As we may take occasion hereafter to analyze her different personations, we will merely remark *en passan*, that her recital of the epilogue to "As You Like It," repeatedly brought down the house. At the fall of the curtain upon the last scene of The Ransom she was called for, and led forward to the foot-lights by Mr. Simpson, the manager, and greeted with the most enthusiastic plaudits. She has since appeared as *Lady Townley*, *Letitia Hardy*, *Christine* (Youthful Queen,) and *Julia*.

Miss Groves takes her benefit this evening at the Park, when she will appear as *Evadne*, and in a new drama, entitled "Thirteen Years Labour Lost;" M'lle. Augusta also appears in the opera of *La Bayadere*.

THE AUGUSTA.

In the excitement of other novelties we must not forget this graceful, lovely woman. She is turning all heads and winning all hearts. It was a singular oversight in the management to bring her out so late in the season, in the only part on *our* stage worthy of her powers. Had the public never seen her till she came bounding forward to the lights as the "pretty Bayadere," her success would have been more brilliant, because more startling. The impression was given to the public by bringing her out as a mere auxiliary, between the play and farce, that she was only worthy of a secondary rank in the eyes of the manager; and nothing but her exceeding grace, and beauty, and skill, has at last overcome that prepossession. It was also unfortunate for all parties, that La Bayadere should have been brought out so late in the season,—cold, dreary winter;—its earlier production would have put thousands into the pockets of the Park management.

But as it is, the Augusta is, in our opinion, the greatest attraction now offered at any of our theatres. Mr. Simpson has spared no expense to produce the utmost scenic effect, and the finale is pronounced on all sides, a chef d'œuvre. What a pity the audience will not keep still in that scene and listen to the ravishing music with which the play ends.

But it is not scenery, nor music, that has given La Bayadere its run. It is eminently The Augusta herself. Hear how a Magazine critic glows in praising her. We clip it from a paper which clipped it from the Knickerbocker.

Reader, have you seen Augusta? No! Then believe us, you have yet to see the perfection of art—the concentration of all that is most exquisite in grace—of all that is most poetical in the "poetry of motion." You have yet to acknowledge in the divinity of our modern Agalia

Behold her!—a form for Praxiteles to study—a face that Helen would have sighed for—eyes sparkling with life and beauty, like the orbs of the sea-born goddess, when first she rose in the vivid sunlight from her snow-driven couch of spray. See! she comes bounding along with a foot-fall light as the tap of the honey bird's wing, as he brushes the morning dew from the flowers. Her feet *do* touch the ground, but yet so imperciptibly, so fairy-like, that the salutation seems a merry mockery, as if the air held them as its own, and they were buoyed up by aerial spirits who, in their adoration, would not suffer them to be contaminated by companionship with the dull clods beneath.

Euphrosyne! what a bound! It seems, indeed, as if the spirit of joy had possession of that fairy foot, that trembles in very ecstacy. Now she trips along with a soft music in her step, like the small rain of an April shower, just heard in the still evening, as it patters upon the bosom of a quiet lake. A sylph might acknowledge that graceful step. You who now gaze in silent wonder upon that airy form, are searching for wings which you could swear gave their aid to that last elastic flight, which seemed to bear her figure into mid-air.

If criticism thus warms in commenting upon her performance, you may imagine the enthusiasm of her own loving audience. A brilliant career is open to her in this country. With tolerable management, she should amass a fortune in a few years, being indisputably the most graceful and finished artiste in "the poetry of motion," that has yet appeared among us.

Mademoiselle Celeste.—This popular artiste commences a short engagement at the National Theatre next week—after which she is engaged to produce "The Maid of Cashmere" in Boston and New Orleans. At the latter city she will take leave of her friends and return to France. She is now performing the most brilliant and profitable engagement ever known in Philadelphia. "The Maid of Cashmere" will pay her, in New York, about $12,000—Philadelphia $5000—New Orleans $2000, and Boston about as much more. But two years since she arrived in this country, and we have it from undoubted authority, she has already cleared over *One Hundred Thousand Dollars*. We are happy to learn that she has invested all her funds upon bond and mortgage and bank stocks, in this city. Celeste has as yet only visited the five Atlantic Cities, and if she pleased could reap an immense harvest in the South and West. This, we believe, is the only instance of a theatrical person realising such a large competency at the age of twenty-five—one half of which was made *without speaking a solitary word on the stage*—and before she acquired the English language. May her future career be as prosperous as the past—for she deserves it both from her remarkable capacity in her profession, as well as for the ample possession of those numerous good qualities which characterize the unassuming, modest, and respectable female in private life.

Mrs. McLean will return from the South next week, to lead the business at one of our theatres.

Mrs. Richardson, engaged to lead the business at the Tremont, Boston, passed through town this week.

The Boston and Philadelphia editors are enquiring anxiously when Mrs. Gibbs is to return? We trust not until after an engagement at the Park.

Miss Clifton is busily engaged in reading her original tragedies, of which she has received some dozens.

The Bangor theatre is hard pushed—they only play once in a while there, and then to very small audiences.

M'NAMARA RUSSEL'S LARK IN THE BIGHT OF BENIN.

BY CORNELIUS O'DONOGHUE, LATE ENSIGN ROYAL IRISH.

"It was said that a sprite,
In the dead of the night,
Cried 'Bo!' to the leading goose, sir." George Hanger.

Dear Yorke,—Many years ago I had the honor and pleasure of numbering among my friends a man whose name, even at this distant moment, has a talismanic effect upon my old heart and thin blood; and makes the one leap back nearly half a century to the days of boyhood's glee, and the other quicken my pulse, till it throbs again at the recollection of him who was foremost in frolic, first in danger, and last at the bottle, of almost any man, afloat or on shore, that it has been my fortune to meet while rolling round this terrestial orb of ours, during a life of I-don't-choose-to-mention-how-many lustres. M'Namara Russel, though dead these twenty years, is still remembered among the admirals of the British navy; but I knew him at nearly the commencement of his naval career, when he rolled the deck as midshipman of the Tigris frigate, and the friendship that began then continued till he could tread plank no more—till he struck his colors to the grim tax-gatherer, Death, and was laid up in heart of oak to await the last whistle, when, once more, M'Namara Russell will jump upon deck. The very last time I dined with him *tete-à-tete*—poor fellow! 'twas not a month before he died—he put me in mind of some of our early pranks together; and, after having a couple of bottles of south-side Madeira, he threw off the following sketch, which, as nearly as I can recollect it, I now send you in his own words.

Yours ever, C. O'D.

People are very much addicted, in the present day, to bespatter young naval heroes with pity, just as if they were tenfold more unfortunate than other folks' children; but for my own particular part, my dear O'Donoghue, I must say that, were my career to commence again, and I could choose my cruising-ground, I would cry, "Hurrah for the blue jacket!" and pitch long togs to Old Nick You know that my old father, of Kilballyhalter, in Ireland, was ambitious of having one of his numerous budding offspring entered into the priesthood; and that I was the hopeful lad who was eventually to wear a scarlet hat and flamingo-legged stockings, cardinal fashion, through the instrumentality of the St. Omer Jesuits. But a puritanical phiz and a shorn crown, to say nothing of the strictness observed by the black rogues over the uninitiated sinners in the cloisters, were by no means after my own heart; so I soon balked my father's intention, by shewing St. Omer's a clean pair of heels one clear frosty night, adjured the pope, the devil, and the pretender, in good set terms, and three years afterwards had no reason for grieving over the loss sustained by the followers of old Ignatius Loyola, when I found myself a strapping reefer, pipe-claying my weekly accounts, on board the Tigris. Ay, and were I to be so placed again, again would I follow my course on the deep, and see wonderful things upon the great waters, in spite of pity or sea-sickness; for in those days I could turn my hand, or my intellect, to the current matters of my profession, quite as well as any of my neighbors; and being gifted by nature with an easy though enterprising disposition, an ostrich-like stomach, a quick sight, and brawny shoulders, a love of fun and wholesome disregard of consequences (natural, I believe, to all the sons of Erin's isle), I weathered upon my duty without discredit, my leisure without care, my liquor without quarrelling; and cared no more for to-morrow than to-morrow cared for me. Our work, at times, might have been hard, to be sure; but then, the pleasure of command! Talk of delight! Who was ever so happy as a midshipman when finding himself, for the first time, in charge of a frigate's deck? By George! I then thought myself a finer fellow than any man in the cabinet, and in an infinitely more responsible position than the Chancellor of the Exchequer himself.

We were fortunate in our skipper; still more so in his prime-minister, old Joe Berril, the first lieutenant. A taut hand was Joe—knew his business, and did it well; ay, and piqued himself on making others do it, as an occasional mast-heading in my own person gave me full reason to know. I forget what sort of a fellow the second-lieutenant was, for he was only a short time with us; but the third, Bobby Hacket by name, was modelled upon the first—a good officer, but fidgetty; rather more apt to blame than to praise; and, in times of great responsibility, unfortunately wanting in that confidence in himself which invariably infuses confidence into others. Bobby was a bit of a tartar, too—even more so than Joe; rather through fear lest blame should be attached to himself, than on any fixed principles of discipline, that I could ever discover. With these officers I got on very well; but my great stand-by—my Fidus Achates, I may say—was one Roderick O'Donnel, who joined the frigate on the West India station: and I will tell you how.

One morning we were lying in Basseterre Roads, off St. Kitt's where we had been for a couple of days landing stores, which we had brought down from Barbadoes, and were again at anchor, ready for sea, when a shore-boat came alongside, and through the gangway port appeared a strapping fellow, in a midshipman's uniform, about one-and-twenty years old, and of prodigious build. He stepped up to Joe Berril, to whom I happened to be making some report concerning the duties of the ship at the time—so I heard and saw what passed—and, touching his hat, announced himself as Mr. Roderick O'Donnel, just arrived in a schooner from Jamaica, and ordered by the admiral of the station to join the Tigris. We had seen the fairy craft by which he came dancing across our forefoot, in the moonlight of the preceding evening, with her long tapering masts switching like whips, and her snow white canvass, like a swan's breast, distended before the breeze, but little thinking she contained in her cockle-shell hull so bulky a freight as our new messmate.

But though a stranger to most of the ship's company, it did not seem that he was entirely unknown to the first lieutenant, who scanned him well over with his keen eye, as if there was something below the surface to be detected by a close observer, however fair the exterior might shew, and that that something was not altogether to his liking; for, instead of welcoming him on board in the customary manner of most officers, he only gave utterance to a prolonged "He—em!—em Mr. O'Donnel?"

"Yes, sir," answered O'Donnel, presenting his orders.

"Hem—em! late of the Castilian—eh?"

"Yes, sir, I have just left her in Kingston harbor."

"Ay—he—em!—ha—I have heard of you, sir."

"Well, sir, I am glad of that," returned the new-comer with a smile, as if he was overjoyed at his superior officer's knowledge.

"Hem—ha! don't be too sure of that, neither."

"Nothing bad, I hope, sir?"

"Harkee, Mr. O'Donnel!" said Mr. Berril, looking as grim as the Jupiter's figure-head, "this I know of you,—in blue water you are as good a seaman as the best,—in harbor your jokes are of the broadest,—and on shore you are apter to hold a devil's jubilee than attend to your legitimate devotions. Now, mark me! I give you fair warning;—and if you try any of your slippery hitches with me, I'll bring you up with a round turn. You will find, to your cost, that I am a different hand from old Growdy, of the Eolus, whom you sent on a fool's errand through Gosport in search of a sweetheart: and not quite so soft as the fat purser you mounted on the kicking pony at Kingston races, in Jamaica, last year. So, look out, sir!"

"Good gracious, sir!" exclaimed O'Donnel, looking quite shocked, and as innocent as baby-linen; "my goodness, sir! those were mere boy's tricks, and happened so long ago that I was in hopes they had been forgotten entirely. You will allow, sir, that it is a hard case, a man's having lived to repent his folly, and still get no credit for even good intentions, when, on my conscience! his intentions have ever been of the best to get credit wherever he goes."

"Well, Mr. O'Donnel," returned Berril, "you clearly perceive that we understand each other. With your credit I have nothing to do,—that rests between your tailor and your conscience; neither do I mean to trouble myself about the lay of your intentions; but before we have been long together your actions will tell what course you mean to keep."

"Really, Mr. Berril," replied O'Donnel, with the gravest possible face, and most respectful demeanour, "I am very sorry that what was done merely as a thoughtless boy should attach a character to me as a man, which would materially interfere with my future prospects of promotion in the service. I have been a passed midshipman these three years: I am informed that I nearly head the admiral's list; and, even if all this was not sufficient to keep me quiet, you, Mr. Berril, whose character is well known, are the last person on whom I should think of playing tricks, under any circumstances. I am not quite so silly as that, neither, sir."

"Very well, sir," said the first lieutenant; "now we start fair, and I hope we shall be mutually satisfied."

"Thank you, sir; I shall recollect," returned our new hand. "But please, sir, may I get my chest hoisted in from the boat alongside?"

"Certainly," answered Berril. "Waist there! whip on the main-yard! Is it heavy, Mr. O'Donnel?"

"Very, sir."

"Then clap on a double purchase, and hand up a pair of butt-slings," cried Joe to the boatswain's mate in the waist. "But I have something else to attend to now, so you had better see to getting it over the side yourself, Mr. O'Donnel."

"Very well, sir," answered the tall reformed reefer, and proceeded to get his traps on board. Accordingly, a double-purchase tackle and guy were made ready from the larboard main-yard-arm; the falls overhauled; the rope leading from the block aloft down to the main bitts manned; a pair of butt-slings, strong enough to have held up the cupola of St. Paul's, hooked to the lower tackle-block; and all was ready for hoisting in a weight of ten tons, if required; when O'Donnel once more intimated to Berril that the chest was heavy.

"Then clap on the whole of the after-guard; but don't carry away the bitts and main-yard," answered Josey, smiling,—yet little thinking of what was to follow.

About a dozen stout fellows, in addition to those who were already there, laid on the slack of the fall, to run up the chest when the signal should be given; and the boatswain's mate, a hard-a-weather old cock, with a face like a piece of unbarked fir, and a back like a table, who was never known to laugh in his life but once, and then, nearly half seas over, he alarmed the whole of his watch by the extraordinary roar of his merriment, stuck himself in the gangway, to superintend the operation, and fend off the chest from the ship's side; while O'Donnel edged away towards the main hatchway. Berril, at this instant, shifted his position to the foot of the mizen-mast, turned his nose upwards towards the main-topmast cross-trees, though he was wide awake to every thing passing on deck; for Joseph could keep one eye on the man at the wheel, while t'other was watching the weather-leach of the main-royal. The men swore he often saw what was doing at the jib-boom end *through* both the courses. I was standing at his elbow; the afterguard were in a line aft, ready to start away with the rope in their hands, only waiting for the boatswain's-mate's whistle; and our new member of the cockpit, with as grave a face as ever judge wore under the black-cap—one foot on the combings of the hatchway—was imploring all hands to take tender care of his valuable goods and chattels.

"All ready in the boat?"

"All ready, sir."

"Ready with fall?"

"Ay, ay, sir."

We fully expected to see a chest as big as a jolly-boat coming gradually over the top of the hammock-nettings.

"Hoist away!"

So they did with a will. Aft started all hands, stretched along the fall, with an exertion of main strength sufficient to have hove out the lower masts of a first-rate, and rattled aloft like a shot—a blue pasteboard bandbox! The consequence of expending so much force upon nought may be easily conceived; there was no-

thing to counteract their vigorous pull; and, with the exception of two or three at the extreme end of the fall, who carried it clean away to the taffrail, over they all rolled on the deck like a row of children's card-houses—changing, in a twinkling, the strict decorum of his majesty's frigate Tigris's quarter-deck into a regular Barthelemy fair *kooroosh*. In the mean time, up flew the unfortunate band-box higher into the firmament than its maker had ever contemplated, till the tackle was chock-a-block; there the jerk casting it clear of the slings, it whirled upwards and backwards in an indescribable flourish, nearly as high as the top-sail-yard; then, getting a send from the mizen-top gallant-braces, down it came on the deck, and at the same instant down dived our new midshipman through the hatchway.

"Hai—golly! massa! him bery fine jump, I tink!" screamed one of the negroes from the boat.

"What the d—l thingumbob have you slung instead of the chest, you old hedge and-ditch lubber?" cried Joseph to the boatswain's mate.

"That's all as I sees in the boat, sir," answered old hard-a-weather.

"No chest?"

"Nothing so big as a 'bacco-box, sir, barring the two niggers."

"Done from the starting-post, by ——!" said Joe, putting his hands in the side pockets of his round jacket, an walking aft to hide his vexation at being so easily humbugged by the only man he had ever, perhaps, in his life warned against trying to circumvent him, and that, too, in the face of the ship's company.

No doubt at first he swore vengeance against the author of this ridiculous scene; but Berril was not the man to hatch a spite against any body; his wrath was soon blown over. He had sense enough, as well as good-nature, to be one of the first to laugh, particularly as he had almost dared O'Donnel to work to windward of him if he could. Then, too, the next time O'Donnel presented himself on the quarter-deck, he treated his officer with such perfect respect, did his duty so well and so cheerfully, never for an instant presumed on having been practically witty at his expense, that he was soon as great a favorite with the first-lieutenant as with the other officers of the ship.

Rory O'Donnel and your humble servant soon became sworn cronies; he was only an enemy to oppression and himself. He was a tremendously powerful fellow, which enabled him to uphold the cause of the youngest of the berth against the oldsters with considerable success. He soon established his supremacy in the cockpit; and our little community flourished amazingly under his dictatorship, considering the precious life we had of it. Twelve or fourteen of us crammed away below water-mark, in a hole scarce big enough to hold us all; perspiration running from us by the quart; water so stale, that it almost spoiled the rum when manufactured into grog; biscuit which often walked about the table, *se ipso*, by its own unaided efforts; and junk salter than saltpetre—we did not mind its being nearly as brown and hard as a piece of mahogany, for our teeth were young and sound; with no light but from the yellow flare of a purser's glim, and no air but what wandered many feet down to us through a windsail.—But the evenings were delicious, and the nights on deck were beyond every thing delightful. We run through the Gulf Stream, skirted the Floridas, and, stretching across the outer edge of the north-east trade latitudes, made our way to Gibraltar; from thence we ran down to Madeira; and from the beautiful island we were dispatched to the southward, along the coast of Africa—what an infernal coast this is!—to look after a vessel with a good deal of bullion on board, which was said to have struck on a reef in the Bight of Benin, and sunk. We had a pleasant run from Funchal to the line. Your trade-wind navigation is choice work; your doldrums between the trades from 6° to 10° N. for as many degrees S. are detestable. The N. E. trade first flutters, flaps out your light duck aloft, and expires; the ship loses steerage way; the sea becomes like a looking-glass; Jack shark pokes his shovel nose up under your counter, flirts with a four-pound piece of pork, scratches his whiskers against the hook-chain, and toddles off after his little pilots, to your great disgust; the main clue garnets are manned, up to the lower corners of your main course; and if brother Jonathan is in company, he calculates 'tis a tarnation sight too considerable wear and tear of canvass carrying on in a dead calm, and so furls every thing low and aloft. Then comes a plump of rain you can't tell where the mischief from; up gets the sea in a twinkling; it blows like fury for fifty seconds, and there you are again, smoking hot, with your jib-boom pointing towards the place whence you came, and, consequently, the captain looking out of his cabin windows in the direction you wish to go: this *is* pleasant.

I don't at this distance of time remember any thing of consequence occurring during this part of our voyage, except a gale of wind off Cape Lopez; when a Yorkshire landsman, being asked by one of the marines, who had slept, I believe, through the first part of the gale, what was going wrong, replied, "O knaw, not much the matter; only the ma'asts be a comin oot, and the riggin's a al of a poozle."

A day or two afterwards, having found out whereabouts our sunken vessel lay, Hacket, the third lieutenant—the second and the master being both on the doctor's list—was sent in the cutter, with O'Donnel and myself, to see what could be done towards weighing her, or, if that was impracticable, fishing up some of the bars of gold. After a hard day's work, we pulled in shore to peep about us, and perhaps pick up a trifle for the mess; the skipper having given Hacket permission to remain on shore, even after dark, or all night, if he pleased, provided matters were favorable. We landed on a fine smooth sandy beach, the ground rising gradually from it to a sort of sea-bank, beyond which the country seemed to be flat, with occasional patches of rice-fields, studded with a long brown-stemmed, green-topped cocoa-trees, and plots of bamboo thickets. Having reconnoitred a little, we beached the boat; and soon after were accosted by some of the natives—not niggers exactly, but good-looking, straight-nosed black fellows, who came up to us in that free-and-easy style, so congenial to Jack's social notions, which gave us every reason to suppose that they were highly delighted with our society. Of course, we were immediately on the most friendly terms; and as one old blade had somewhere or other picked up a smattering of English—probably from the slavers, who then carried on a wholesale trade with the West Indies—we got on famously with our new allies; particularly as they brought us a quantity of fruit and a couple of goats. Our men, laying aside their pistols and cutlasses, fell to dancing with the black damsels, who capered, flung, and jigged, as merrily as if they had graduated at the back of Portsmouth Point; while their countrymen, nowise jealous of the attentions paid by the blue-jackets to their living property, looked on with grave joy at the fun. In the midst of this queer ball, one old lady took it into her head to cast the eyes of affection upon me; and as she seemed to be a topping sort of person amongst them, however I might have been covetous of the love of a younger belle, the superior rank she evidently held with the heathens compensated for other matters. She was a princess, that was clear, though a black one; and as real princesses don't run foul of reefers on all tacks, I rejoiced in the honor of being noticed by so great a personage. Now, my princess was a lady of a good comely figure, rather plump, perhaps, with not a bad face of the sort, though the sort was not of the handsomest, and, when illuminated by a pair of dark eyes, had a good deal of dignity about it. She wore nothing on her head; but round her shoulders, across her bosom, and down nearly to her knees, she was swathed in a whitey-brownish cotton cloth, edged with scarlet binding, while yellow silken trousers of extreme width enveloped her legs to her ancles, which, as did her arms, bore heavy silver bangles. This, I presume, was a sort of court-dress, and mighty fine it certainly looked. Instead of being on foot, after the vulgar manner of her female compatriots, she bestrode, man fashion, a tight little gray pony, of good shape and breed, which she managed with admirable dexterity; and was closely attended by a strapping wench, mounted on a bony brown horse, who might have been an aide-de-camp, or orderly-in-waiting upon the loving Amazonian princess. The progress of our intimacy made rapid way, though I could not comprehend a word of her chatter; till at last the interpreter, who seemed her chief male adherent, gave me to understand that the subject-matter of her lingo was an invitation to accompany her to her mansion, only a few hundred yards from our landing-place, and be made much of. I was a good deal tired, more fit for a sound sleep then any thing else; but, indulging a laudable thirst for information, I acceded to the proposal *instanter*. Having stipulated for a companion in the person of my friend, Rory O'Donnel, I requested Bobby's permission to be absent for a couple of hours. Hacket hemm'd, haw'd, and hesitated; but at length allowed us to go—warning us, however, not to be long away, as he intended pulling off to the ship when the moon should be up; for it was now growing dusk. I made no bones about mounting *en croupe* behind my old girl, and Rory was accommodated something in the same way with the hinder half of the brown horse, belonging, as we judged, to the one of her suite and sex I have mentioned. Away we trotted, the old interpreter telling me all the while he was running alongside of us how fortunate I was to be loved by such a missis, and perhaps I should be married to her when we got to the house. Here was an adventure for a boy of sixteen! such a thing could only have happened to a midshipman.

In about a quarter of an hour we hove to at the door of a snug mud-cabin, sheltered under some fine overhanging trees, which was the residence of my sable Dulcinea. Rory and I jumped to the ground, unshipped our mistresses from their saddles, such as they were, and soon brought ourselves to an anchor inside, fully determined to be married as much as our friends pleased during our leave from Hacket, provided we got something to eat first. This being clearly explained through the interpreter, it was cordially acceded to, and all hands set to work for a jollification; while we did mighty grand, gave ourselves the airs of regular built bashaws, and received the adoration of our wives that were to be—for Rory, too, was to be spliced with his horsewoman, the A. D. C., not a bad looking damsel neither—as if we were quite accustomed to be considered lords of the land. We soon had a spread that few reefers would despise—bananas, roasted yams, boiled rice in a pilau, with a fowl stowed full of cloves and onions (uncommonly nice), and a goat's after parts cut up into junks, and burned nearly to a cinder. But toddy was the cream of the jest. It is the fermented milk of the cocoanut, or rather, I believe, the juice or sap from the tree, oozing from an incision made in an upper branch, which, being allowed to stand, ferments, and becomes as strong as geneva. We ate a jolly supper, without being pestered with knives or forks, and took more than one swig of this liquor. Hard work and hot weather, wound up with such potent stuff as the toddy, played old gooseberry with our senses. We were soon as drunk as a lord provost, primed for matrimony in any shape, color or quantity; and utterly independent of Hacket, the boat, the captain, or the frigate. Rory sung the heathens an Irish song, and, I believe, danced a jig; my old girl struck up a stave—I sung too; so did the interpreter—we all sung, in short—there was a regular sheavo; and I do positively think we were both married, according to their unhallowed notions in those matters—though not exactly sure, for I have no distinct recollection, neither had O'Donnel, of what took place near the close of the entertainment, beyond my trying to knock the old servant on the head for interpreting, as I thought, wrong, and embracing something black—all afterwards was oblivion for that night.

I awoke next morning at daybreak, with a burning throat and splitting headache; my hands were as hot and dry as red cinders; little funny things were dancing up and down before my eyes; and I would have given half my worldly effects for a draught of cold spring water. But where I had got to puzzled me amazingly. I was extended on rice-straw, in a mud hut about six feet long by four feet wide, with all my clothes on except my jacket; which, however, was replaced by a whitey-brown thick cotton cloth, edged with scarlet binding, in a villanous state of unwashitiveness. A hole in the wall, doing duty for a window, admitted daylight. Up I jumped, and through this aperture saw the grey pony, alongside Rory's brown charger, grazing within ten yards of my sty. The whole of the last night's adventure flashed on my mind. Where was O'Donnel? where were our wives, *in esse* or *posse?* where was Bobby Hacket? where was the boat? where was the frigate? and where, oh! where should I be, if she were gone? Left behind, to console myself in the venerable charms of an old black she-devil, determined to marry me in spite of myself. It was necessary to reconnoitre previous to breaking ground, for fear of running foul of her. I opened the door very gently, and discovered that I had been put to sleep in a sort of outbuilding—an excrescence, as it were, from the main one, striking out from a corner like the quarter-gallery of a first-rate, and having no communication with the exterior except through the apartment where we had been feasting. As gingerly as if I had been treading on egg-shells did I enter this. There lay my brother of the cockpit fast asleep on the mud floor, with his head supported by a huge pumpkin, and his right hand and arm by half the goat we had failed to devour. Next him lay the interpreter, sound as a ground-tier butt; and next to him again were a couple of women, one being Rory's "Cynthia of the minute," in a similar state of happy oblivion to this world's cares and sorrows, by no means violently incommoded with a superabundance of bed furniture, nor yet oppressed with too much upper gear, but clothed with all the simplicity of Venus herself, when she arose from old father Ocean's realms, ere she had been attired by her handmaidens the Graces; only these dark houris did not look exactly as if they had very lately been intimate with Neptune's element. A noise, like the grunting of a hog, attracted my attention from these sable charmers to a mat curtain in a corner of this dormitory. I lifted it gently: there reclined at her ease my own particular beauty; there she reposed *al fresco*, no longer tricked out with the trappings of her rank, but arrayed in her own unadorned loveliness alone, redolent of cocoanut-oil, and snoring as if for a wager. Though I could not but greatly admire the excess of affection which, bubbling up in her feminine bosom, had induced her to envelope me in an article that most ladies think indispensable to themselves, yet something strongly approaching to disgust rendered me less grateful for the kindness than perhaps was Christianlike; and, hoping that Hacket and the boat might be still lingering on the shore, I determined to have a run, at any rate, for my liberty and celibacy. I cautiously opened the door. But poor Rory was not thus to be left to his fate and mate without some effort to save him; and the difficulty was to awake him without disturbing the black people, as he lay next the wall—they being between him and the door.

"Rory! Rory! Rory O'Donnell!" Alas! he had been too long in blue water to be disturbed in his snooze by any noise at all. A touch, however, will rouse a seaman, though he sleeps through the row of an action or a hurricane. I looked about, and found a stick long enough to reach across the sable population, with which I gave him a judicious tickle on the lower jaw, under his whiskers, just sufficient to awake him without a flurry. He turned his head sharp round, and opened his eyes. I clapped my finger to my nose, and pointed to the door. He understood me in a twinkling, and tried to rise; but when he had so far elevated himself as to sit up, he could get no further towards placing himself on his legs.

"Come, saw blocks, will you!" said I, in a whisper. "Be alive, or these niggers will bring us up with a round turn, whether or no Tom Collins."

"There's a half-inch line here made fast to my thigh; t'other end is belayed to that fair virgin's wrist, and this old sinner is lying just in the bight," said Rory.

"Unbend it, can't ye?"

"Not I! the end is jammed like Jackson, in a regular bowline-knot, without an inch to work upon. Lend us your knife."

"I haven't got one."

"And why haven't you? Well, this is precious nice! I can't break bulk without rousing out the old interpreter athaw't my hawse. By the piper that played before Moses! if it was the last dollar I had to jingle, I would give it with my blessing to any one who would oblige me by knocking his brains out; and even then, I could not top my boom without taking this young black 'un in tow. I wish to Heavens I was at home in Galway!"

I could not help laughing at Rory's wish.

"Confound you!" said he, louder than was prudent; "here I am, hard up in a clinch, without a knife to cut the seizings, while you stand grinning there doing nothing at all." Here his eye glanced round the apartment. "Stop, old fellow—I beg your pardon—there is something like the handle of an axe peeping from under yonder jiggamaree contrivance of a seat."

I looked, and soon brought to view an axe, or rather a tomahawk, which I very gingerly handed to my friend, who said, "That's your sort, Mac—an elegant bauble, by the powers! Now side out for a bend, blackey, my boy, and mind I don't chop your starboard fin off."

In less than half a minute Rory had emancipated himself from his bonds by means of the implement I had given him; then he gathered himself up, and was striding across their bodies, when the interpreter opened his eyes. Rory's leg was instantly in his grasp.

"Gorrabow murrabow!" shouted he in his lingo, which we could not comprehend.

"Let go my leg, you old fool! or I'll shake you to oakum," cried O'Donnel.

"Split his skull with the tomahawk, man, or we shall have every mother's son of them about our ears in a crack," cried I.

"Clap a stopper on your jaw, you nigger, or d—n me if I don't!" swore Rory, lifting up his weapon.

The interpreter relaxed his hold; but in an instant up jumped the female heathens from the ground, yelling blue murder; and out poked the grizzled head of their mistress from behind the mat curtain in the corner.

"We must run, Mac, like fun," said Rory, as we bolted.

"I mean to ride," cried I; and, catching the grey pony by the nose, I jumped on his back, twisted my fingers firmly in his mane, and exercised the stick with which I had roused Rory on his hide.

"A capital plan," said O'Donnel, seizing the grey's brown companion, and, throwing his huge limbs across him, still flourishing his axe. He was in an instant fully equipped for flight. A few hearty thwacks put our steeds on their mettle just as the black fellows began to turn out of their houses in pursuit.

"Crack on sail, Mac!" cried Rory to me. "Steer due west, for yonder cocoa-tree; then luff a little, to weather the corner of the bamboo thicket. I logged the bearings and distances yesterday; and we ought to find the cutter about two points on the larboard bow. Crack on, my hearty! I'll keep in your wake." There is a vulgar prejudice against a sailor's seat on horseback, and a vile prejudice it is, devoid of the slightest shade of reason, untenable in argument, and diametrically opposed to fact. Is it more difficult to sit on a horse topping a flight of rails in full swing, and shove his nose port or starboard with the reins, than to cross the studding-sail boom-iron at the end of a topsail-yard in a gale of wind, when one instant you may fancy yourself almost touching the summit of a sea in the weather roll, and the next canted aloft to the extremity of an arch over the centre of the ship in the lee lurch? and on this pretty perch there is no guiding your steed with the reins—no; but there is a weather ear-ring to haul out, inner and outer turns to be taken, and every thing to be made taut as a bar, and fast as the church; while at the same time it blows so hard, you think there is a fresh hand at the bellows every two minutes. I want to see some crack cross-country rider sitting out a gale of wind upon the weather-end of a fore-topsail yard; 'twould puzzle him, methinks. Had any one seen Rory and myself streaming away without the adventitious aid of saddle or bridle, and our nags going an eighteen knot pace, we should have been pronounced topping equestrians; and I swear we learned to ride chiefly at sea.

Keeping the course which O'Donnel had pointed out, we soon cleared the edge of the bamboo jungle, and bore up for the beach, where we arrived just in time to be too late. An awful surf came tumbling in from the south-west, through which the half dozen stout fellows who composed the cutter's crew had succeeded in forcing her, when we hove in sight over the rising ground, which I have before mentioned as forming a sort of sea-embankment. We hailed them as we galloped down to the water's edge; and Hacket ordered the men to lie on their oars, keeping the boat a half pistol-shot distance beyond the outer bank of the surf. Standing up in the stern sheets, he addressed us,—

"So, young gentlemen, here you are at last; and pray what has kept you all this time? You have contrived to get yourselves into a precious mess; ay, and me too."

"For Heaven's sake, sir, take us on board!" cried I, leaping from my panting steed.

"Oh, do, Sir!" cried O'Donnel, dismounting from his; "the niggers are giving chase; we are only hull down from them now; and the rascals will make Mungo Park of us in the turning of a handspike, if they catch us."

"Serve you right, too, Mr. O'Donnel, for disobeying my orders. You have broken your leave, and may now get on board the frigate the best way you can, for me; and when you do get there, I'll sheet you both home for this prank," said Bobby.

"Do any thing but leave us behind, sir," said I; any thing rather than leave us here to be butchered."

"Butchered! ay, both married and butchered, by Saint Peter!" cried Rory.

"Butcher you! who is going to butcher you?" asked the lieutenant; "you were all on very friendly terms with the natives last night, when you started."

"Yes, Sir, yes; but they are all on t'other tack this morning," I answered. "Pray take us on board, Sir."

"I will do no such thing, Mr. Russell," returned Bobby; who would have seen us married, or any thing else, indeed, rather than run risk of getting himself into a scrape. "It is impossible to pull back through this surf now; it would hazard the loss of the boat and the lives of the men. Besides, here it is coming on to blow; the ship has been signaling us to return these two hours. I sent two parties out to look for you, but to no purpose; and I have waited a deuced sight too long already."

This was all true; the volume of water rolling in from seaward in each wave was increasing every moment, and the surf was becoming more boiling, while the low moaning sound the ocean gives on the shore previous to much wind indicated a gale: we perceived, too, that the frigate in the offing had sent down her royal and top-gallant masts, and close reefed her topsails, as if apprehensive of severe weather; she then had a weft at her foremast-head for our return; and we knew that Hacket was right as to the danger of the boat, if he should attempt to recross the surf. However, we again implored him to take us on board, and this most lustily, as a black head or two appeared over the rising ground above the beach, then a few more; and in a second after a whole crowd of natives rushed towards us, all of them having their thick quilted cotton *burnoos* on—as the sword-proof gabardine they wear is called—evidently bent on mischief, brandishing their spears, and led on by the old interpreter. They flung their arms about like black ambulatory windmills, and yelled like so many devils keeping jubilee. Our lives seemed not worth two minutes' purchase,—for these fellows have no trifling accuracy of aim.

"You both can swim like ducks; strike into the surf like men," cried Hacket.

"All is up with us Rory, if we don't take to the soil," said I.

"We would be agreeable society for the sharks, Mac; we saw more than one black fin last night."

"Our wives, Rory!"

"Not a word about the pig, my hearty! only, if Jack Sprat nibbles your toes, write to us; here goes!"

There were scores of sharks about, and we knew it; but better run the risk of being gobbled up in a trice, or even losing a leg or so, than to encounter the tender mercies of the heathens. We took to the water; in time we did so,—for, as I dived through the outer break of the surf, a spear whizzed past my ear, within a couple of inches of spoiling me *in toto*. Better even that, thought I, than the black wife.

We rose to the surface together within two oars' lengths of the boat, and struck out manfully for our lives. Whirr! came another assagaye cutting into the water between us; and bang! went a musket shot. In another minute we were hawled over the cutter's gunwale, and in safety. Not so our pursuers; for, though they scattered off pretty sharpish at the fire from the boat, four or five musket-bullets and a handful of swan-drop told very decently among them,—the swan shot in particular, which seemed to take effect principally on that part of the interpreter where, as Hudibras—

"A kick hurts honor more
Than deeper wounds received before."

rattling about his counter, and sending him over the sea-bank with an extra hop in his gallop. Served him right, too; for he led the attack, and flung the first spear. We arrived at the ship before the heart of the breeze came on; and I told the whole story to the captain, who laughed at the business of the marriage as an excellent joke; though Bobby Hacket was by no means satisfied that we were not regularly brought over the coals for what he considered a direct breach of duty, and contemptuous disregard of the orders he had issued. Bobby, therefore, did not deem it all a ludicrous occurrence; neither, by jingo! did Rory nor I. Rory, to be sure, made a good yarn of it for a Saturday night in the cockpit; but he emphatically whispered confidentially into my ear, "By George! Mac,—'tis all very fine fun talking about it now; but when the black vagabond nearly harpooned me, and I was looking out for a thumping shark to swallow me into the bargain, I could not help wishing the biggest blackguard in Dublin was kicking me from Ring's End to Kilmainham,—ay, and back again."

Frazer's Magazine for October, 1836.

OUR ACTORS!

And their Originally Intended Trades, Crafts, and Callings.

HARLEY: quicksilver Harley!—He always seems as if he were moved by concealed wires—wires pulled by Messrs. Momus & Co. What reader has not seen him? what reader has not laughed at him? at him and with him? was such a grin ever seen on the face of mortal man? A never-ceasing grin—in short, "an annual grin—renewable for ever."

John Pritt Harley was born in our great overgrown, modern Babylon, commonly called London: his father was a very respectable silk-mercer, doing business in a quiet, small way, without ticketing his goods, or enticing customers into his shop by having plate glass in his windows, at the cost of ten guineas per pane. He was one of those old fashioned, plodding tradesmen, (the race is nearly extinct in London), who were contented with a plain joint daily, with the elegant addition of a pudding on Sundays. Little John Pritt (he was never called *pretty*) in very early life began to assist his honest father in the business of his small, but well-arranged little shop, so that at thirteen years of age he could flourish the yard measure with almost as much dexterity as any of those six feet—what shall we call them?—those niminy-piminy—those EPICENE creatures in coats, waistcoats, and continuations, who are kept by dozens to simper at our ladies, and disgust manhood, at the Waterloo and other houses, in the silk, tape, lace, and bobbin line of business. But little John Pritt Harley had a soul that reached beyond a yard measure; he panted for a liberal profession, therefore chose the law! He quitted the yard for the quill, and was the junior fag of an attorney's office in Chancery Lane; but neither the quill nor yard would suit the disposition of the embryo comedian. Blackstone was soon superseded by Shakspeare in his ardent imagination; he therefore showed his clerkship "a fair pair of heels," and indulged his dramatic propensities by becoming at once an ambulating Thespian! This great event (for, undoubtedly great it was to him) took place in the little strolling company at Sheerness, which little company was then managed by the little father of the now far-famed dramatist of "Black-eyed Susan," &c. &c., little Mr. Douglas Jerrold. But here poor John Pritt Harley found himself daily getting into a state that would have qualified him to act Romeo's starved apothecary without the aid of art; he therefore thought it prudent, as he himself observed, to sheer *off* from Sheer-*ness*, while he had sufficient steam to propel his ten-toed machine (a carriage originally used by Adam in old paradise, and now by Haymakers in that new paradise, old Ireland) to Hythe, in the county of Kent, where another ambulating manager had invited him to "do Momus and Melpomene," for the amusement and delight of the numerous *militaires* quartered in that celebrated cinque port,—salary twenty-five shillings per week, and find his own wigs!

Here he nightly shouted tragedy till hoarse, and sung comic songs till he was breathless; but as he himself said, (though Shakspeare said it before him,)

"The labor we delight in physics pain."

The salary was *bona fide*, so were the benefits; and, to the surprise of all the world, (we mean the Hythe world of course,) the lean Harley fattened and walked erect again! Having Momus'd with Trotter, the ambulating manager of the Kent and Sussex *corps dramotique*, a yearly round or two, the offer of double his then salary induced him to visit York, as the principal low comedy actor of that once respectable circuit, where, with *quantum suff.* of empty praise, he realized some solid gold, and that he wisely garnered for future exigencies. Though at a distance of two hundred miles from London, he heard a sort of managerial whisper of—"York, you're wanted," and, with Cæsar's "*Veni, vidi, vici*," for his motto, he came, he played, and stamped himself the public favorite, which he has ever since remained.

Harley has great animal spirits—always in a sort of fidget,—

"His action is always strong, but sometimes such,
That candor must declare, he acts too much."

These lines, which Churchill wrote of one of his own time, may be very justly applied to Harley; but time, perhaps, will tame his quicksilver, for the register—the register of that very notoriously anti-Malthusian parish of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields—declares that in a few months, John Pritt Harley will be on the shady side of fifty! though he does not look it, for we may take upon ourselves to say, that when he has finished his toilette, and has Adonis'd for his hebdomedal visit to church, that he may venture to sink a good third of his age, if certain circumstances should imperiously demand that a number should be declared.

Harley's assumption of idiocy is the most perfect thing we have ever witnessed on or off the stage; it is the most imposing—we say imposing, for it once actually imposed upon two thieves,—regular, professional, well-armed thieves, who stopped and plundered the supposed sensible part of the contents of a certain leathern convenience called a Yorkshire stage-coach, in which our whimsical friend (*young* Harley then) was taking his annual Thespian journey from Wakefield to Hull—Oily Hull! as gentlemen with sensitive olfactories facetiously term it. It was but a few years after our quicksilver votary of the sock entered into the profession which he has since adorned, as much by his private conduct as by his professional talent. We will give our readers the story, but premise that a written account must fall very far short of his verbal one, with the potent adjuncts of his irresistible grin and chuckle, for, in story telling, he always suits the action to the word, and the word to the action, with this special observance, that he is sure to keep his hearers in a roar of laughter, whether they will or not; such is the power he has over the cachinnatory nerves of his convivial friends; but to the anecdote of

"THE IDIOT HARLEY; OR, HOW TO DECEIVE TWO THIEVES."

"'Twas dark December; the rain and wind beat high," as Lady Randolph observed when she lost her child:—'twas the same month and nearly the same sort of weather, when Harley would have lost his purse, had not his now cele-

brated grin (a grin that then was little known to the great world) preserved it from the reckless spoilers grasp.

It is now rather more than a quarter of a century ago,—twas at that dull period when the idea of steam vehicles running on rail roads for the convenience of the general traveller's rapid transit, was supposed to be a mere chimera in the disordered brain of some scientific enthusiasts:—'twas at that dull period that a lumbering, slow-going stage-coach was seen wending its way from the western side of bonny Yorkshire towards that famous emporium of swamps and whale-blubber, denominated in the county maps as Kensington-upon Hull. Within this capacious machine sat a pale, thin young man, "*avec une grande bouche*, and teeth to match!" He had been recently invested with the fool's cap and bells, and had been doing Momus through the circuit of that somewhat extensive county of York. This pale, thin young man, was Harley, soon to become one of the principal comedians on the metropolitan boards. Opposite to him was deposited the capacious and well-wrapped-up body of a fat and wealthy clothier of Wakefield, who rejoiced in the appellation of Jeremiah Dobs. They were the only passengers; and such an unmatched pair were never before jostled together, even in a stage-coach. Dobs confessed that he knew nothing of either Molpommony or Thelyer, except that he had read their names in the London papers, as having been brought up to Bow Street for obtaining money under false pretences in Drury Lane Harley sighed at Dobs' want of taste, and Dobs laughed at Harley's ignorance, when he confessed that he knew very little of wool and less of dying, except at the end of a five-act tragedy! Dobs had a hint from Morpheus; the hint was soon taken, and the gentle Jeremiah reposed in his arms: not so fortunate was Harley. So coy a dame was sleep to him that he could not once win her to his wishes; to be sure, it would have been rather wonderful if he had, considering the loud key in which his opposite neighbor, the fat and gentle Jeremiah, pitched his indomitable snore. Harley bore the horrid sounds for some time with that Christian fortitude for which he has always been proverbial. But a whole hour's repetition to every note in the gamut was too much even for his meekness; at length there came a sound so dire, so dreadful!—D——d!" cried the philosophic Harley, "this won't do—no. There is a point where patience ceases to be a virtue, and this is that point." He was roused; therefore he resolved to rouse his tormentor; and placing the heel of his boot, as nearly as he could calculate, upon the great toe of the snoring manufacturer of broad cloth, he raised himself up to a position which left the whole weight of his slim body upon the aforesaid toe.

The pressure was felt—the snoring ceased. Jeremiah writhed, and Jeremiah groaned a curse or two, then slept again. At this time they were passing across the skirts of the dark and dreary common, where even a Ratcliffe romance-bitten traveller, in search of the sublimely horrible, might very justly suppose that the murderer lurked like a raveming wolf, ready to pounce upon his prey! Harley was just getting up his bile for another assault upon his snoring tormentor's great toe, when a firm, but not loud, authoritative "Stop!" was heard through the whistling wind: it was given in a deep gruff voice:—"Stop!" cried a second thief: to which was added, a potent threat of sending the gentleman who managed the reins to a warmer place than a wet coach-box on a Yorkshire common on a bleak December night, therefore, as in safety bound, coachy stopped *instanter*. When the first cry of "Stop!" struck on Harley's ear, his digits, as if by instinct, fixed on his purse, for it contained his all, the savings of two hard-earned benefits. The purse, conscious of approaching danger, flew from his pockets as if by magic, and concealed itself in the vacuum between the collar of his coat and the collar of his neck. At that instant the coach-doors were forced, and on each side a large brass pistol was seen, the holder of one of which weapons, intruding his craped visage, growled into a *sotto voce*, "Your money—quick!" at which Harley, now prepared to act his part, put on his idiotic stare, his ponderous jaws distended, and he grinned and smiled, and nodded; but such "nods and wreathed smiles" only enraged the impatient thief, who, placing the pistol to the mimic's laughing face, cried, "Your money—d—n your grinning—your money or your life."

"Money!" laughed out the pretended fool in his best idiotic style; and, shaking his head like a mandarin on a chimney-piece, shouted, "Money! Bobby never no money:—Nunky pays for Bobby," (pointing to the still snoring Jeremiah Dobs, at the same time kicking his shins, and in a screaming key bawling loud enough to wake anything but a sleepy Wakefield clothier). "Nunky! Nunky! poor man wants mony, Nunky!" The robber started, then withdrawing his pistol from the wide-extended mouth of Harley, said to his thieving colleague,—"Why, Tom, I say, the chap's a spoony!—come, quick!—draw the old one."—A rough back-handed blow on the loud-pealing nasal promontory of the gentle Jeremiah, soon brought him to a knowledge of "his unfortunate whereabouts." He was soon sufficiently awake to see that two robbers were before him, each with a pistol to his breast: when finding that his rhetoric could not overcome such powerful and striking arguments, and hearing his apparently idiotic fellow-traveller, though not fellow sufferer, continue chuckling, grinning, and bawling, "Nunky pays for Bobby!—Nunky pays for Bobby!" he made a merit of necessity, and resigned watch, purse, and pocket-book into the ruthless spoiler's hands, who had no sooner realized, than they vanished from his sight; which done, "Harley was himself again:" within his nether garment's pouch he replaced his darling cash—cash now doubly prized, as doubly won: for it was the first sum that in his then early life he had ever saved, first by his frugality, now by his ingenuity; and well he merited the pleasures it since has procured him.

They reached Hull to breakfast: the comedian in due time chuckled, and grinned, and told the tale at so many convivial boards, that soon all Yorkshire knew it, and the ears of the unfortunate Jeremiah Dobs were saluted until the day of his death with the fatal sounds of "Nuoky pays for all."*

Harley has gathered together a very comfortable independent fortune—a fortune upon which he could retire to a Tusculum villa in the West, and live rurally, and in peace—but he feels that his quicksilver would soon be below zero—in one of those "shady blest retreats," which poets feign to love, and only lovers seek; for Harley is not a poet, (the bump "of sweet poesy divine" has not yet developed itself in his cranium), and as he is not a lover, (except in the Platonic line, of which more anon)—he eschews rurality. The shady blessing he most delights in, is the shady side of Regent-street. While making that new figure in trigonometry, (accidentally discovered by Mr. John Reeve, the convivial comedian, on his way home late at nights), called the circumbendibus on his daily tour from the Garrick club, to his substantial old domicile in Gower-street, Bedford-Square, Harley has often been heard to exclaim with a heroism worthy of the representative of Ion, the fatalist, rather than he of the sock, "I was born a co'kney, and a cockney I'll die."

Harley made several abortive attempts to become a Benedict in the early part of his career, but (as both he and Shakspeare have it)

"The course of true love never did run smooth."

The handsome and laughter-loving daughter of the once celebrated Mrs. Inchbald, the authoress, played the deuce with poor John Pritt, on his first trip to Sussex with Mr. Manager Trotter. John Pritt popped the question, and she in reply acetiously told him, that "he'd no more use for a wife than a duck had for an umbrella." On hearing this he gave one long sigh, at which she laughed—and then he laughed—and there it ended. But a second attack, more serious than the first, occurred in Yorkshire—'twas with a gay young widow—the widow Woodhouse; he was in this case so far gone, that he had actually "booked himself for matrimony." He had his own consent, and merely wanted hers: she was a widow, and he thought she must comply; but this cruel breaker of low comedy hearts forbid the banns—Harley sung out "Will ye?" and she responded "No."

"Widow, will ye, will ye marry me?
Oh, oh, oh!"

sighed Harley.

"I will never, never marry thee,
No, John, no!"

laughed the widow—and in a week afterwards the widow Woodhouse was married to a richer, a fatter, and a taller man, and poor John Pritt Harley was heard singing Darby's distich.

Harley is unlike most of his brethren of the sock—he does not tavernise: he is pleasantly domesticated with two agreeable maiden sisters, and having been long honoured with an extensive and highly respectable circle of private friends, he does not court promiscuous acquaintances, and he has no desire to "show off;" for when any ill-bred person throws out a hint, "for a taste of his quality," he quaintly observes, that "having left his fool's cap and bells at Drury Lane Theatre, he is quite incapable:" and we remember meeting him at a dinner party in the purlieus of Lombard Street, where being much pressed to sing, he simply declined, by stating, that "as he was not a freeman, he had no voice in the city."

As we have observed, Harley is rich, and with his well known prudence, and lack of all speculative enterprise, and other "evil propensities," he has placed himself beyond the possible reach of indigence. Yet such is the very manly and proper feeling he has towards his less fortunate, (or we'll say, less prudent) brethren of the sock and buskin, that he is a liberal subscriber to that most excellent and chartered institution, "the Drury Lane Theatrical Fund for Decayed Actors,"—an institution begotton by the brain of David Garrick, fostered by the kindness of John Bannister, and nourished into full health and vigour by the enthusiasm of the lamented Kean.

Par parenthèse, it is a recorded fact, that this institution clothed, fed, and educated in a gentlemanly style, the brother of the late highly popular prime minister, George Canning, the youth we allude to was John Reddish, the son of Reddish, the once clever actor, and member of this institution, who died mad in the York Asylum, leaving his only son in a state of comparative destitution. Mr. John Bannister, the then master of the fund, admitted the poor orphan's claim, and had him well educated and fitted for an appointment which Canning (when his splendid talent raised him from poverty and obscurity) obtained for his clever boy-brother. Canning's mother was an actress at Drury Lane Theatre, but by no means a successful one, as appears by a critique on her performance, when she made her *début* in the arduous character of Jane Shore. We extract the following from the "Town and Country Magazine," of 1773.

"Mrs. Canning has appeared in the character of Jane Shore, at the Drury Lane Theatre, and Mr. Garrick did her so much honour in countenancing her first performance, that after having declined the part of Hastings for four years, he assumed it on the 5th of November, upon the introduction of this lady to the stage. We are always inclined to favour young aspirants, and therefore wish we could say much in this lady's commendation; but candour, and the duty we owe the public, compel us to say, that a continued monotony of voice, and very little expression in her countenance are great impediments to her shining at present in the character of Jane Shore."

The mother of the great orator and statesman was thrice married; by her first husband, (Canning, a young Irish barrister,) came George; by the second, (Reddish, the actor,) came the boy above alluded to, who died in his foreign appointment; and by the third, (Hunn, a Bristolian "boisterous captain of the sea,") she had various sons and daughters, who felt their eldest brother's protecting hand, and we hear that they well deserved the great statesman's favour.

But to return to Harley: the members of this chartered institution, (an instance of whose orphan-fostering kindness I have briefly sketched,) on poor Kean's decline of health, elected Mr. Harley as their chairman (master, as it is called—a sort of president of a little republic, embodied for the purpose of doing good to their less fortunate brethren.) It is an office of much trouble and responsibility, yet no profit, but the heart-gratifying one of assisting those who cannot assist themselves; and Mr. Harley has for many years filled the office, not only to the satisfaction of his colleagues in the directorship, but to the continued enrichment of the funds of the society.

Harley is envied and sneered at by many of his sottish and dissolute professional brethren, for his presumed wealth and known prudence.

"Envy will merit as its shade pursue,
And like a shadow, prove the substance too."

He has the substance; and, unlike poor, weak, but kind-hearted Kean, he will take care that it does not decrease. He has sense enough to smile at the various attempts to perpetrate jokes on his prudence and quiet domestic economy—prudence which malice calls parsimony. They are all in very bad taste; *par exemple*, "they assert that the cat actually kittened in the kitchen grate—that seat of gastronomy having been transferred to the little back parlour, where 'the chop' or 'the steak' could be had hot from the gridiron!" This, and a variety of such-like weak inventions of the low sots and would-be-thought wits of the sock and buskin, he treats with the contempt they deserve, feeling conscious that

"A wit's a feather—and a chief's a rod—
An honest man's the noblest work of God."

BALTIMORE POLICE.

PRIVATEERING.—A tol-lol-ish, trim-built, sea-serviceable looking craft, which was made out to be the Tom Bowyer of somewhere down east, was towed into dock, and ordered to report the log of a cruise last night without commission, which had left the craft aforesaid on *his* beam ends, giving out signals of distress, though now appearing all taut and ship shape.

"Your honor, ye see," said Tom, "I had too much of the weather alow and aloft, and all out o' steady from stem to starn, so I laid my helm hard a port, and stood in for moorings; when all of a sudden, I spies, about half a point on my larboard bow, one of the prettiest little clipper-built, clipper-rigged, female ladies I ever run athwart hawse. Thinks I, I may as well speak her, so I wore ship and bore down upon her larboard quarter, and hailed. Bang went one of her small ports, and skip come a shot close athwart o' my figure head, just clearing all forrad tackle, though the fact is, ye see, I dodged it. Well, d—n it, I wasn't dreaming o' that, though the crittur looked all a-taunto and ready for action at the tap o' the drum, or the bo-sun's pipe; and as for her eyes—lord what sparklers—they looked like the after lights of a Spanish Mainer, with the captain and first lieutenant peeping out of a Yankee frigate in chase. Well, ye see, I was ready for action too, yer honor, and so I grappled the dare-devil, and got close aboard, hugged her under my lee, and kissed her. It was the sweetest kiss I ever lipp'd; a regular privateer kiss; for I believe she was privateering too, though I wouldn't hurt her character, if I know'd her, for all the rum in the world. But just as she was agoing to return a salute, a shot took me all aloft, back stays and forrad snapp'd like a thread o' spun yarn; I know'd she carried no metal like that 'ere, and as I keeled over, I cotch a glimpse o' the enemy; maybe she wasn't under heavy convoy, jest as if she'd got the richest kind of freight afloat; but howsomdever, I never know'd no more about her, till one of these 'ere men takes me in tow, and brings me in here; and here I am now, ready to pay salvage."

Such was Tom's yarn in substance, which, though occasionally interrupted by an impatient remark, we have recorded undetached.

The watchman stated, that he found Tom in an uneasy posture of repose, by the side walk, snoring, or rather groaning on the high pressure principle, and so he brought him in for safety.

"For which Tom Bowyer is obliged to you, sir. What'll ye take, my hearty?" The watchman declined any thing. "Oh, d—n it, don't say no, if you'd rather not," Tom added with a laugh, and bowing to the Captain, with his left leg at the same time flirted into an angle of 45° N. lat., he turned on his heel as it touched the floor, run up his truck and stood out of port.

UNDER THE WEATHER.—Little Lishe Fennel, with a stock of whiskers and mustachios all over his face, that might be envied by many a dandy in this mundane sphere, is not ashamed withal to quarter occasionally in the watch house, "one of the most convenient buildings," says Lishe, "in this 'ere little city of Baltimore."

"Fennel," said an officer, "you seem to have become rather frequent in your visits of late."

"Not much, sir, not afore I got most uncommonably under the weather; but I don't calculate 'pon coming here much more arter this, as soon as I can raise a cat-tail mattrass, but I think they was most all drowned this year, when they was kitten-tails, for they is precious dear and scase. I calculate upon my bed costing me most two dollars, 'kase I'm goin' to have a good 'un."

"Well, you certainly put the tail of the cat to a good use. It's sometimes applied differently."

"Yes, and it would be a good thing for poor people, if them 'ere cats what you mean growed in the *mash*; beds wouldn't cost nothin' then if every cat had nine tails. Good morning, gentlemen."

A HARD KNOCK.—"Bring out Philip Burbage and his companion," and the door was thrown open, when one of the watchmen laid hold of a soot-colored fellow, who instantly bawls out, "O look here, Massa, I aint Phil Bubbage, I aint."

"Who are you, then?" demanded the Watchman.

"Why, I aint Phil Bubbage; I'm his companion." And the pair of worthies, white and black, were placed as usual.

"What were you quarreling about last night, eh, you rascals, and bawling as if one of you was in his last sleep, and the other engaged in *waking* him?"

"Why, sir," says Phil, "I was taking a glass of two and one, when this here feller"—

"Two and one! What the deuce is two and one?"

"What! don't ye know what two and one is? Why it is the innocentest drink what is, sir. It's two o' gin and one o' water; what some loafers calls 'water murdered,' but no gen'lman calls it sich. And I turns round to get a splinter to pick my tooth, when this here nigger tipples my water murd—my two and one, and when I 'cused him on't he gi' me the lie, and no gen'lman 'll take the lie, of any nigger, and I hit him alongside the gourd, but only once, I know, and I'll never hit him again."

"Ah! are you sure of that? Can you keep your word?"

"I'm sartin, sir, for the way that nigger's head hurt my hand was a sin to bear's meat."

Here the nigger put in a word to explain as how "he tought de gemman had done wid he glass, and so he jes tip the bottoms out, and nebber meant to 'fend him."

They were discharged with a monition.

A BONNETTING.—Miss Lydia Eddess made her appearance, when the Captain observed that it was some time since Lydia had shown her face there before, rather a pretty face, by the bye, if she had had *two* black eyes; but one eye black, and the other *blue*, is not exactly the proper kick for a heroine.

Lydia said she should not have been there now, if it hadn't been for Suse Keppel, "who tuk and sot her 'omnibus' right down on my new bonnett, and squash'd it all up like a heap of chittelings."

"And what did you do then?" asked the Captain.

"Why then she hit me dab in the eye—"

"I ask what did *you* do, when she sat on your bonnet?"

"Me? O yes, that's a fact. I bonnetted her. Slapped hern down over her face, but then she hit me in the eye, and I got the worst of it at last."

"Does Susan mean to appear to prosecute you?"

"Suse mean to appear?" (between a scream and a groan of utter amazement) "let her, that's all; I should like to see her here this morning, and I'd persecute her in the turning of that," (figuring off a pirouette upon the head of a twopenny nail in the floor, and *winding up* with a curtsey *a la Celeste*.) "May I go now, Captain?"

"After that, I think, as quick as possible." Transcript

Washing Effect!—The National Intelligencer, published in Washington, has set a good example by giving us credit for one of our articles. See how the noble fellow does us justice:

'The Boston Herald gives the following as the latest instance of 'absence of mind.' The latest case is that of a ship carpenter, who bit off the end of a copper spike, and drove a plug of tobacco into a vessel's bottom.

MRS. GEORGE BARRETT.

At present the leading actress in genteel comedy at the Tremont Theatre, was born in Boston, on the 4th day of May, 1802. Her father died soon after her birth, and her mother, Mrs. Henry, subsequently married Mr. Wm. Stockwell, well remembered as Sir Benjamin Backbite, in the School for Scandal, and his humorous delineation of similar characters. Both her mother and father-in-law died in her infancy, and she was thrown upon the charity of the world almost without a friend. It was, however, her good fortune at this calamitous period, to receive the protection and kindness of that most excellent woman, Mrs. Barnes, whose liberality and benevolence in her limited sphere was an example of pure and holy charity. The associations of the young orphan naturally led her attention to the stage, where she may be said to have been educated, and her earliest steps tottered in those characters which can only be well personated by a child. In the winter of 1815, Mrs. B. then Miss Henry, made her first appearance as a member of the dramatic corps, in the part of Julia, in the play of Guy Mannering; and her sweet countenance, blooming with youth and beauty, her trembling and timid manner, and the orphan friendlessness of her condition, more, probably, that any particular skill in her performance, secured for her a very partial judgment, and a good degree of favor. During the whole of that season she sustained the lighter characters of comedy, and advanced in public favor, by the evident effort she was making to improve herself in the profession she had assumed. For several successive seasons this interesting young lady continued to devote herself to the business of the stage, and was rewarded by the favor and encouragement of those who considered effort as laudable as talent, and were delighted to aid the exertions of one who had no protector but Providence, and no friends but such as her own worth could acquire. In 1817, Miss Henry was married to Mr. Wm. Drummond, one of the Stock Company of the old Federal-street Theatre, a gentleman who played with credit in characters of genteel comedy.

In the course of their professional engagement, Mr. and Mrs D. left this first scene of their early career, and sought amongst strangers the reward and reputation which her growing merit was calculated to command. Her marriage with Mr. D. was of short duration. She parted from him, and, (with her children, the support of whom she assumed) threw herself again on the protection of the Boston public—always ready to succor the distressed and encourage the deserving. Mrs. Drummond—re assuming her maiden name of Henry—returned to her home upon the Boston boards, improved by her experience and observations, her person matured with all the rich charms of natural beauty, and her fine talents developed beyond the expectations which, even her early assiduity had promised. She played with spirit and applause in the circle of genteel comedy, the heroines of the melo drama, the lively characters in interludes and farce, and venturing in the higher departments of her profession, sustained with much strength, Desdemona, Ophelia, Belvidera, and other arduous characters of tragedy. The situation of this lady at this time was singularly delicate and interesting. Without the protection of husband, guardian, or parent, and blooming in all the freshness of youth and beauty, exceeding prudence and integrity were required to preserve the esteem of her friends. After some further years of laborious exertion, in which, almost "an actress of all work," she made herself useful in every department of the drama, a prospect was held out to her, which induced her to conclude her engagement at the theatre with a benefit, intended to be her last appearance on any stage; and in a poetical address prepared for the occasion, she took leave of a crowded house in the language of gratitude, and we doubt not of sincerity and truth. Her hope was frustrated, and Mrs. Henry re-appeared in her accustomed line, with continued approbation and increasing merit. After a short interval she married Mr. Geo. H. Barrett, our accomplished comedian, and removed with him to New York, where, on the boards of the first Bowery, she commanded the admiration and applause she had habitually obtained from her friends at home. Mrs. Barrett, with her husband, soon after returned to Boston, and again presented themselves to their first friends. They were most cordially welcomed, and have been ever since sustained by one of the most discriminating and intelligent theatrical communities, at least in America, if not in Europe.

ADDRESS,

Spoken by Mrs. Barrett at her Farewell Benefit given by the citizens of Boston, on Monday evening, Dec. 5th, prior to her departure for England. Written by PARK BENJAMIN, at the request of the Committee of Arrangements.

Thanks, gentle friends! thanks for this bright array!
These are the smiles that long have cheered my way;
These the glad voices which, in seasons flown,
Fell on mine ear like music's sweetest tone.
When first I ventured in the Drama's cause,
Your's was the kind, the generous applause;
Then, what undying gratitude is due,
To friends so constant and so tried as you?
Yet vain the task, in flowing words to dress
The feelings language never can express;
Vain were the orator's soul kindling fire,
And vain the promptings of the poet's lyre.
In plainest garb is truth the fairest seen
Like rustic damsel on her village green—
Oh, then, in simple measures, let me tell
My heart's emotions ere I say, "Farewell."

Fair city of my birth! how dear to me
Wilt thou appear, while leaving thine and thee!
As the poor Swiss, when banished for a time
From his loved valley and his parent clime,
Turns, on some mountain's closing height, to trace
The far, faint outline of that shadowy place,
Where childhood's days on wings of gladness flew;
So shall I turn to thee my tearful view,
And, as the distance wraps thy lofty dome,
Feel that my heart can own no other home.

A scene like this should every thought employ
To give expression to unbounded joy,
For here the lovely and the rare are met:—
The sylph-like Saxon and the tall brunette;
Of one, I now can see the forehead fair
"Her eyes' blue languish and her golden hair"—
Another, o'er whose cheek dark tresses flow,
With glance more lambent than a planet's glow.
Here too the sterner sex their forms display,
Mingling grave colors with the light and gay.
The politician here unknits his brow,
Nor cares for any but our *tickets* now;
The merchant leaves his business at a stand,
And for our notes he gives his *notes of hand*.
The lawyer files away his bills and writs,
And cons our *bills* to burnish up his wits;
The critic quits his labarynthine maze
To greet us with premeditated praise,—
And all around, in harmony combine
To make me deem this bright occasion mine!
But ah! as one who sails along the sea,
While floats his pennon and the wind is free,—
Proud to behold his gallant vessel brave
The mighty shock of each careering wave
And dash right onward through the sparkling spray,—
Exults to feel that winds and waves obey;
When, suddenly descried—his native shore
Looms fainter and more faint the waters o'er,
Till, melting quite, no pencilled line can be
Seen dimly lifted from the sunset sea,—
His spirit fails, he turns away to weep
And looks with sorrow on the laughing deep;—
So I, triumphant, borne along the tide
Of your best favor, felt a happy pride,
A thrill of joy—till Memory with a sigh
Whispered—"Be sad—the parting hour is nigh!"
But, if to me the thought of parting seem
As to the sailor's eye the land's last gleam,
So, while I wonder, dreams of my return
Like shore-lights o'er the darkened waves shall burn;
And when again we hail our Northern skies,
To Memory's view this treasured scene shall rise,—
These voices sound, these circling smiles appear,
Till I, in person as in heart, am here! Boston Post.

Ages of Musicians.—In a supplement to No. 26 of the "Musical World," a very interesting chronological list of departed musicians is given for three centuries. Among those who obtained a great age, were—Dr. Alcock, 91; W. Byrd, 80; Dr. Burney, 88; Dr. Child, 90; M. Clementi, 80; D. Corri, 81; Crosdil, 70; Cecilia Davies, 79; Farinelli, 77; Geminiani, 90; Giardini, 80; Gluck, 75; Neil Gow, 80; Gretry, 73; Guglielmi, 77; Handel, 75; Haydn, 76; Hasse, 78; Hook, 81; Jackson, 73; Kollman, 73; Leveridge, 99; Madam Maro, 82; Palestrina, 81; John Parke, 84; Dr. Pepuet, 85; Pleyel, 74; Solomon, 79; Sale, 70; Sarti, 72; W. Shield, 80; Steffani, 80; Sir J. Stevenson, 74; Signora Tesi, 84; Vanhall, 74; Viotti, 69; J. Webbe, 77; Winter, 70; &c., &c. And among those who were cut off in the prime of life, are—Bellini, 29; Herold and Mozart, 36; Perglosi, 33; Pluto, 19; H. Parcell, 37; Stephen Storace, 33; C. Von Weber, 40; and with deep concern we add the name of Madame Malibran, only 28.

* We are much obliged to our friend, the author, for discovering the paternity of this somewhat venerable anecdote.

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

NEW-YORK: SATURDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 17, 1836.

NEW YORK JOCKEY CLUB.

In conformity with a request of Mr. JOHN C. STEVENS, who proposes submitting to the Club a proposition for Dividing the Purses, in accordance with the views expressed by him in a communication in the Spirit of the Times of the 3d instant, a full meeting of the Club is respectfully requested on Thursday next, the 22d inst., at 4 o'clock, at Washington Hall, Broadway.

CHAS. RIDGELEY, *President.*

ALEX. L. BOTTS, *Secretary.*

Note.—Dinner will be on the table at 5 o'clock precisely. Tickets $2. Members of the Club intending to dine, will confer a favor on Mr. Ward by leaving their names at the Bar, previous to 12 o'clock on Thursday.

New York, Dec. 16, 1836.

"DIVISION OF PURSES."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES. Dec. 11th, 1836.

Dear Sir,—I have read with no little interest an article in your paper of the 3d instant, addressed to you by JOHN C. STEVENS, Esq., on the subject of the improvement of our horses, and concur in sentiment with the writer, as I think and hope, amateurs and gentlemen of the Turf generally will, that "our present mode of testing the qualities of a horse, is far from being a good one." Certainly it is not the best that can be devised.

There is, however, in my judgment, a more direct, and I think, effectual mode, than that suggested by your correspondent, for remedying the evil so justly complained of—one which I think he is in a measure prepared to adopt. Your correspondent, in the article above referred to, remarked that "most of the objections to our mode, may, I think, be obviated. The alteration of the distance from 240 to 120 yards in four mile heats, (for which suggestion I am indebted to my friend Capt. STOCKTON,) is admitted to be an improvement." Experience has fully shown that it is an improvement—all that we then have to do, is *to carry out the principle*. Reduce the distance in a four mile heat from 120 to 40 yards, if you please, or to such other number of yards as will *effectually accomplish the desirable and important object*—of course a reduction to be made in the same ratio for all other distances—in which case the *public* will be able to distinguish superior from inferior *nags*, and the the *latter* will no longer *run away*, as they have very often done, with that which they have no just claim to—*reputation* and the *purses*; and we shall have fair play, and sport worth travelling a long distance to witness.

I.

Note.—The view of the question taken by our correspondent, we are glad to see expressed in such forcible terms, though there are several obstacles to the adoption of his proposition. We are not at liberty to name the writer, but deem it proper to state, that he is a practical turfman and breeder of great experience; and we could not impress more strongly upon the reader's mind the weight of consideration with which his suggestions should be received, than to designate him.

"I" proposes to "carry out the principle" of *shortening the distance*, in order to effect the objects contemplated by Mr. Stevens, in his proposed *division of the purses*. To this plan there are many, but we believe no insuperable, objections. At the dinner table, a few days since, several turfmen being present, Mr. Stevens' proposition was the subject of discussion. In the course of conversation we suggested the shortening of the distance, as a certain and effectual remedy for the evils complained of, which was at once objected to, on the ground that proprietors of courses would universally oppose it, as it would lessen the number of entries for their purses. It was urged, too, that fewer horses would be trained, as the "first raters" would necessarily monopolize those purses free for all ages. Owners of horses, not quite up to the mark of Mingo, or Post Boy, or Fanny Wyatt, it was stated, could not be induced to enter them, if they were just as likely to be distanced as to win, (which would be the case with ordinary nags if the distance in 4 miles was reduced to 40 yards). Suppose, said one, that three or four of the common four mile horses of the day were entered with Fanny Wyatt and Mingo, for the 4 mile purse, with the distance 40 yards, where, to save their distance, should the field be, if, on the 3d quarter of the 4th mile, the two horses we have named should make strong running for the heat? If Mingo and Fanny Wyatt even postponed their brush until they came within the gate, claret would be tapped and whip-hands at work with the outsiders, or they could not be brought within the distance. And suppose these two, bent on mischief, went off from score at their best speed, would not the odds, in ordinary cases, be 3 to 1 that the field, at the placing, would be "no where?"

But would not the increased interest imparted to the contest more than make amends to the proprietors, for the lessened number of entries? Who would not make a short pilgrimage to see a race between 3 or 4 tip top horses, who would be obliged to make play from the score? There would be more horses entered for the different purses, even if the distance was reduced, in our opinion, than the proprietors imagine. What man, owning a race nag that he deemed a good one for four mile heats, would hesitate to enter for fear of being distanced? Not one; and there is not a man on the turf that would not feel hurt or insulted at such an intimation being given as the probable reason why his horse was not entered.

We are glad to see that the project of Mr. STEVENS is exciting great attention, and that much good is likely to result from its discussion. We need not repeat, that our columns are open to turfmen for the expression of their views upon the subject.

We were in error last week in stating that "the main objection to Mr. STEVENS' proposition of a '*Division of Purses*,'" was the adoption of a Rule, by which the winner of the first heat is made best in the race, if it saved its distance in the subsequent heat or heats, inasmuch as Mr. S. *did not recommend the adoption of such a Rule*. He merely proposes that the number of heats shall, in no case, exceed three; of course the necessity for a Rule to decide which is best, provided three horses each win a heat, is imperative, but which one it shall be, Mr. S. leaves to be decided by the popular voice. To accomplish the objects contemplated by the "Division of the Purses," it has been proposed to *reduce the distance* to 40 or 45 yards. There are no material objections to either plan, and one we think will be adopted and go into effect next season. The advocates of the plan of shortening the distance, are practical turfmen, who have given the subject much reflection, and whose opinions are entitled to great weight. It only becomes necessary, therefore, to place both plans before the public, in the plainest possible point of view, to be decided upon after the merits of each shall have been fully canvassed, with a thorough understanding of the subject.

An impression has gone abroad, (engendered in part by a paragraph of ours last week, and partly from a misconception of Mr. Stevens' personal views upon the adoption of a Rule to decide which horse is best in the race, provided three win a heat each,) that Mr. S. *in his proposition* is in favor of a Rule making the winner of the first heat best in the race. In common with several others who had conversed with him on the subject, we confounded the adoption of the Rule with the main question, that of the Division of Purses." Now the two questions should be kept entirely distinct in the mind of the reader, the adoption of the Rule having no bearing whatever upon the principal subject under discussion. If any others there are, that have fallen into a similar error, we earnestly recommend them to give Mr. Stevens' proposition another careful reading, as we have, that they may not be prejudiced against its adoption by any misconstruction of its meaning or the points it advocates.

The erroneous impression to which we have alluded, is another instance of "how great a matter a little fire kindleth." We hear of it from a distance, at home, and every where about us. The "Division of the Purses" is a secondary matter compared with the interest excited relative to the adoption of a Rule by which the horse winning the first heat is made best in the race. All appear to agree that our present system of testing the powers of horses does not answer the purpose intended, and they almost invariably are in favor, of either dividing the purses, or shortening the distances—but the Rule, they cannot "go that."—They see the necessity for a Rule to suit a case that will not unfrequently occur, perhaps, but to make the winner of the first heat best, if he is not subsequently distanced, strikes them, "at the first blush," as a doctrine only to be paralleled by those advanced in the days of Matthias the Prophet's, the Frogs of Wyndham, or Salem Witchcraft. "What!" exclaim they—"make *Henry* a better horse than *Eclipse* because he won the first heat?" They forget remembering to recollect that no such Rule has been proposed; that the object of giving $400 to the first horse, and $100 to the second, in the first heat, is to induce every horse to run for that heat. If, when three heats are run, A wins the first heat, and B the second, and C the third, it becomes necessary to decide, *by Rule*, which of the three is the best in the race, as a fourth cannot be run. If each ran from the score and "did all he knew" for every heat, no one would hesitate in making the winner of the last heat best. But if C. merely dropped within the distance the first two heats, while A and B were doing their best, the propriety of giving him the purse is not so apparent.

Some Rule of the kind being absolutely requisite, suppose, as Farmer Ashfield says, we "argufy the topic," premising, by the way, that this discussion has no reference to the "Division of Purses." We incline to the opinion that that horse should be declared best *who made the best time*, provided three severally won a heat, and on this ground:—Each horse would be induced to run for the first heat; or if one lay back the first heat he would be compelled to run the second, to make the time of the first, as it would be next to an impossibility to make as good time in the third as in the first heat. If a large number started, there would be another inducement to make strong running from the score every heat, because in the event of the winner of the first or second heat being distanced, the second horse in those several heats would be entitled to a proportion of the purse. Such a Rule might be urged in favor of the plan of a Division of Purses, while it would obviate the necessity of any reduction of the distance. Its adoption would not only tend to break up the system of management on the track, but increase the interest of the contest ten fold. To magnify the attraction on the race Course produces the same effect as "increased attraction" at the theatre or other fashionable resort. It would bring a greater number of spectators to the Course—racing would be better understood, and become more eminently popular as people saw with their own eyes that it was a noble and manly sport, peculiarly adapted for the amusement of gentlemen, who alone were engaged in it, and whose standing in society was a sure pledge that everything in relation to it was conducted in accordance with the strictest principles of integrity and honor.

Dropping for the nonce, the discussion of the general question of the "Division of Purses"—suppose that plan to be adopted—then we would suggest a different rule for determining the best horse in the race from any we have heard proposed.

As the question now stands, the first three heats may be won, each by a distinct horse, and as but three heats are to be run in any case, you must make a rule by which the winning of one of these heats shall be called the best horse in the race. But suppose we should make this rule, that a horse which won neither of the first two heats should not start for the third? This would plainly give us a small field for the third heat, but would just as plainly make the running better in the first two heats, and it would effectually obviate the objection to a division of purses, on the ground that it requires the adoption of a hard and arbitrary rule for determining the best horse. We ask sportsmen to think of this suggestion.—Hard cases may certainly occur under it; but the *general* effect would be excellent, by making every horse do his best for two heats.

ON DITS IN SPORTING CIRCLES.

JOHN C. STEVENS, Esq., of this city, has sold *Kilton*, (imported by Thos. H. Perkins, Esq. of Boston, Mass.) by Figaro, dam by Blacklock, 5 yrs., and *Borodino*, by Henry, out of Romp, 3 yrs., (bred by WALTER LIVINGSTON, Esq., on Long Island,) to J. F. A. SANFORD, Esq. of St. Louis, Mo. Borodino won a Sweepstakes and Silver Cup at the 2d Spring meeting of 1835, given for 2 year olds, half a mile out, to which there were 11 subs., and has since been a winner. He is a most "sumptuous looking colt," as "Craven" says in the London Sporting Magazine of one by Emilius, at the side of Fleur de Lis. Kilton has never been trained, having been purchased in England when a yearling, for 200 gs. and imported to Boston, where he has remained until within a few weeks. He comes of a racing family, and his action and form give promise of his turning out a clipper. The two were sold at a mere song, $2,500. We said last week that great bargains might be had on Long Island, and here's a proof of it.

Our annual *Alphabetical List of American Winning Horses* for 1836, will appear in due season. From the great extent of country embraced, it is impossible to complete it until the month of February, as a number of the principal Jockey Club meetings at the extreme South take place during this month. Those gentlemen who have subscribed since the commencement of our new series (in Feb. 1836) are informed, that in the Tables referred to, are given the name, color, age, sire, dam, and owner of every winning horse in the Union, at 4, 3, and 2 miles, with the weights carried, amount won, time, the names of beaten horses, the course, and date,—the whole alphabetically arranged, and carefully revised. As an evidence of the authenticity and correctness of our five Tables of Feb. last, including, 1st, Winners at Four mile races—2d, Winners at Three miles—3d, Winners at Two miles—4th, Winning Trotting Horses at all distances—5th, List of Stallions throughout the United States, with their pedigrees, places of standing, price, owner's address, etc.—we repeat, as an evidence of the great care taken in the compilation of these tables, but *seven* errors have been pointed out, and though none were of consequence, three of the seven arose from the heedlessness of the persons who furnished the report of two meetings, on a sort of scrub course, more than a hundred miles north of the Potomac. Last year the number of races, two miles, was 163, three miles 84, and four miles 48, which included every authenticated race on record. This season, the unparalleled increase of Jockey Clubs and race tracks at the South and West, will swell the list to about 90 four mile races, 160 three miles, 300 two miles, and nearly 650 one mile races. The trotting races and matches already on record, greatly outnumber those of last season, and several highly valuable additions have been made to the list of stallions. A complete List will also be given (from the London Sporting Magazines) of the English Winning Horses of 1836.

Chateau Margaux will make his next season at Mr. GEORGE GERSHAM's, Haynesville, Lowndes Co. Ala., Price $100. He arrived there from Va. in fine condition, on the 21st ult.

Capt. NICHOLAS DAVIS, of Athens, Ala., has sold his ch. c. *Palladium*, (by Leviathan, out of a Sir Alfred mare, 4 yrs.) to Mr. John J. Jewell, the trainer, (and brother to "Jim Jewell," the Long Island Jockey,) of Greensboro, Ala., for $600. Jewell, with John and David Palmer, and half a dozen other trainers, were "raised" by PHILO C. BUSH, the "great gun" of the West.

Capt. Davis has also sold his roan filly by Count Badger (bred on Long Island) dam by Potomac, to Mr. NICHOLLS, of Montgomery, Ala., for $600. Also his 3 yr. old ch. f. by Gift, dam by Timoleon, to Mr. Blocker, for $600.

JUDGE (George W.) LANE has sold his ch. f. *Authentic*, (by Leviathan, dam by Timoleon, 3 yrs.) to Col. VANCE JOHNSON, of Mobile, for $1200.

Pulaski, (a b h. 10 yrs. by Virginian, dam by Constitution,) will stand next season at the stable of Dr. ROBT. W. WITHERS, Greensboro, Green Co., Ala., at $40.

A strong muster of *The Fancy* assembled last Wednesday, to witness a set-to between a young imported terrier dog, named *Pincher*, (his pedigree is given in the N. Y. Sporting Magazine for June,) and a fox. The fox was nearly full grown; the dog weighs 12lbs. and is about a year old; he is the most perfect and beautiful animal we ever saw, as may readily be conceived, as his owner has refused $200 for him. The *baiting* came off in the 4th story of an immense warehouse in Front-st., and excited the most uproarious fun. Brokers, importers, auctioneers, and amateurs generally, composed the select fancy-men in attendance. The ring was soon made, and the fight commenced! It was a regular rough-and-tumble affair, and the way the hair flew during the first minute beat cock-fighting. The long tailed varmint was game to the back bone, and twice seized Pincher by the nose, and held him until there was no fun in it. But the dog returned the compliment, by catching sly Reynard by the throat, and shaking him until, remembering the *latter end* of the Kilkenny cats, he was compelled to let go his hold. The dog could have killed the fox in ten minutes, although this was his first encounter. The affair made more sport for those present, than any thing of the kind for many a day. The shouts of laughter could have been heard for half a mile.

Pacing Match, Centreville Course, L. I.

On the 8th inst. a pacing match for $500 a-side, came off over the Centreville Trotting Course, three mile heats, under the saddle, between

Oneida Chief	1	1
Miss Saratoga	2	2

The first heat was paced in 8:31; of the second no time was kept, as the horse was not put up. Miss Saratoga (the property of Mr. Van Boskerck, of Hoboken,) broke up repeatedly, or the time would have been much better; she is a dark sorrel mare, with fine action, good size, and great game. Oneida Chief is undoubtedly the fastest pacing horse in the country. He paced a 3d mile over the Hunting Park Course last year, in 2:31 with ease, distancing his opponents, and it is believed that he can perform under the saddle a mile in 2:20, when the course is in good order, as well as himself. He is a sorrel stallion, of fine size, and of tremendous power. He is owned in this city, and we hear $5000 is demanded for him.

Mr. ROBERT L. STEVENS' *Henry*, (the competitor of Eclipse), goes to Kentucky next season. As Eclipse is already there, their get, when they come upon the turf, will fight o'er again the battle of their sires.

The most recent importation of *bloody* stock that we have heard of, comes in the questionable shape of two *Grisly Bears*, that arrived here this week from the Rocky Mountains. STANNARD, the pedestrian, could make better time than he did in his match last year, with these two out and outers trailing behind him. The way he wouldn't run a waiting race would be curious. We would back him against a locomotive for the first twenty rods.

THE AMERICAN TURF REGISTER, &c.: Baltimore.

In the number of this Magazine for December, we have found the following remarks which concern ourselves, and upon which in return we purpose saying one word:—

"The *New York Spirit of the Times* is informed, that the article in the October number of the Turf Register, concerning the race between Post Boy and John Bascomb, was furnished by a correspondent; if it had no signature, it was because the writer did not choose to use one. It was sent to us by a private hand, and a respectable gentleman became responsible for its contents. We think proper to enter into this detail, not as an apology for publishing the article, but merely for the purpose of showing that it was not editorial. As to the article itself, it professed to embody the arguments and facts adduced by the friends of Post Boy in his behalf, and as such, were open to refutation, if incorrect, by the friends of Bascomb. As the Turf Register takes no partizan interest in any horse or turf question, we could not refuse the article an insertion, even if it had came to us anonymously, without committing ourselves as a partizan of Bascomb. The Spirit of the Times need scarcely trouble itself with our affairs, when informed—which it appears is necessary—that it is quite unlikely that we shall consult its editor as to the propriety or impropriety of publishing any article whatever in the Turf Register.

"We will remark further, that 'the considerable degree of feeling amongst Southern Turfmen,' which the Spirit of the Times says has been caused by the publication of the article alluded to, is confined to the very brief precincts of the editor's own imagination. In all our intercourse with Southern Turfmen, and all our letters since its publication, not one word has been said in allusion to it. We have remarked for some time that the Spirit of the Times is endeavering to injure the Turf Register in the estimation of Southern sportsmen, and its remarks on the publication above alluded to, are intended to have that effect. We are perfectly willing to abide the result, knowing, as well as we do, the character of Southern sportsmen for intelligence and sagacity. The Spirit of the Times must have observed our unwillingness to trouble our subscribers with notices of that paper, or answers to its various attacks; and it will please consider this as the beginning and the end of such matters in the pages of the Turf Register."

However the Editor of the Turf Register may think proper to demean himself towards us, he is most respectfully informed, that as this is not the beginning, so it will not be the end of our notice of him, so long as he may either merit our praise, or deserve our censure. In either case, we shall ever notice the Turf Register, and *hope* to be able to do so for years to come. But we regret that for four or five months past we have had ample reason for censure in our customary remarks upon it. The Editor of that magazine shall not blink the question at issue with us, nor shall he be allowed to stab at us with sly insinuation, and then throw himself upon his dignity, and affect never to have noticed us.

How often we may have been noticed in that publication is immaterial; but that we have been most thoroughly read in that quarter, and fully quoted therein, every reader of the Register knows full well. Yet the Register, disregarding common justice, to say nothing of gratitude, assumed a few months since to caution its readers against "newspaper reports," in a manner that left no doubt as to the identity of the newspaper alluded to, or the motives that prompted the covert attack upon it. This offence against good manners and common honesty was repeated; but that there might be no room for a reader of his to doubt in the premises, that Editor quoted an account of an important race, which reflected severely upon our own report of it, and he accompanied that report with unauthorized imputations upon us. It so happened, however, that the contemporary who originally did us the injustice, having discovered his own error, most fairly and candidly stated the same to his readers. What the Editor of the Turf Register was then bound to do, was plainly to apologize for his own fault, and to publish the retraction of his contemporary. The Turf Register did neither; and if it have a reader who does not see this paper, or Mr. Colden's magazine, that reader must necessarily indulge a prejudice against us as a blundering meddler in the affairs of the Turf, and unworthy of credit.

We remonstrated against these proceedings in plain and mild, though "good set terms." We were determined to make the Register do us justice, or at least, refrain from positive injustice. Nothing was said, however, in reply to us; the Register went on as usual, making up its monthly issues, we had almost said, exclusively from our paper, till our remarks upon his Bascomb article called forth the extract placed at the head of this article. We will not be drawn into a controversy on that subject, inasmuch as the owners of the rival horses, and consequently their feelings and interests, ought not to be touched, merely to put down the Turf Register in an argument. But we may at least say this in reply to the modest assertion in the Register, that "In all our intercourse with Southern Turfmen, and in all our letters since its publication, *not one word has been said in allusion to it*," that one of the best written sporting articles we have read for some months was a forcible exposition of the injustice of the article in the Register. We copied that exposition from the Augusta Constitutionalist, and the Editor of the Register may find it now in our files. That exposition may teach the Register what one Southern turfman thought of the Register article, and we hardly see at this day a Northern turfman who would venture to endorse the claims of Post Boy as having bragged off John Bascomb, and sent him home, "branded with the challenge," &c. &c., or who differs from us in his opinions on the points in dispute.

But farther, the Turf Register is wilfully wrong in saying that we are "endeavoring to injure *it* in the estimation of Southern sportsmen." The Register knows that we lauded and praised it almost to the extent of puffery, and to the manifest hazard of having our motives suspected by all who *read* the Register. Nor did we cease such a course, till that magazine itself afforded not even an apology for faint praise, but began its reflections on us. We have ever desired, and do still desire, that the Turf Register may flourish. But in all sincerity, were we disposed to aim a blow at its prosperity, we could do it in no way more effectually than by begging all our readers just to read one number of it,—a second dose would be unnecessary, save in the most obstinate cases.

But we repeat, we have no ill will towards the Register; we desire for it success and a large circulation, *and an increase of merit*. And we will go farther, and say, that the last number is an improvement,—that it is the best, on *one* account, that has been published for months,—it is more original. We have read it all, we believe, with attention,—it has many articles of interest, and some sporting news. We congratulate its readers, and commend it to others.

But let not the Editor imagine that we shall allow him to reflect each month upon us, and then "talk somewhat oddly" of his unwillingness to trouble his readers with notices of this paper. We shall read the Register uniformly and carefully, and continue to advise the Editor "as to the propriety or impropriety of publishing any article whatever;" and we indulge much hope, that with our fostering care, and encouragement, and advice, and a little attention on the part of its Editor, some of our readers may yet live to see the Turf Register an able, interesting, and honest magazine.

AUGUSTA (Ga.) JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

Our prediction is verified! *Hickory John* beat *Miss Medley* on the 6th inst., at Augusta, in 7:55—7:54½, over a heavy course. And this time, it must be remembered, was made by Hickory John when lame. Miss Medley is said not to have been quite up to the mark, by some of our Augusta contemporaries, though our correspondents never alluded to it until after the race, when she complained in one of her legs. On the day previous to the race, we received, by the Express Mail, the following letter from a gentleman in Augusta, which is from a source that may be deemed "official:"—

"AUGUSTA, Dec. 5th, 1836.

DEAR SIR,—I regret to say that *Hickory John* fell lame this morning in his left fore foot, which I very much fear will prevent his running. I hardly know what to do.

Yours in haste, ——."

In laying before our readers the annexed letter, which gives the best account of the match, we have seen, we beg to acknowledge our indebtedness to JOHN J. BYRD, Esq., the Secretary of the Club, and several other correspondents, for furnishing us, by the Express Mail of the same day of the Match, with full details of it. And we beg to acknowledge too, the courtesy of the Editor of the Daily Constitutionalist, the Courier, the Chronicle, and the Sentinel, for "*slips*," which were received by the same mail. The Constitutionalist has since forwarded daily, by the Express Mail, results of each race.

Lafayette Course, Dec. 6, 1836.—Match, Four mile heats, for $5000 a-side, h. ft.

John G. Winter's ch. h. *Hickory John*, by John Richards, dam by Hickory, 5 yrs. 112lbs	1	1
Kenan & Howard's gr. m. *Miss Medley*, by Johnson's Medley, dam by St. Tammany, 5 yrs. 109lbs	2	2

Time reported by the Secretary, 7:55—7:54½. The track, he writes, is 33 feet over a mile, or 44 yards in a four mile heat. The time of each heat, including the extra 44 yards run, was 8:1½—8:4. As we have the Secretary's letter before us now, and had his authority for the same statement when we published the report of the Augusta races last April, we trust "An Old Turfman" will not take especial pains to contradict us in his Magazine, when we repeat, "by authority," that the Lafayette Course *is* thirty feet over a mile in circuit. Our correspondents do not agree as to the time. We are inclined to believe that given in the letter annexed is correct, though we are obliged to record the Secretary's as "official."

AUGUSTA, Dec. 6, 1836.

FRIEND PORTER—The battle's lost and won, and *Hickory John* is victorious. The bets on Saturday were 2 to 1 on the horse, and but few takers. In a few instances 3 to 1 were offered and refused. Yesterday morning, however, Hickory John was dead lame (from a stone bruise in his left fore foot), and the knowing ones took the flats at odds on the mare.

Towards evening the horse appeared a little better, and his friends regained a portion of their confidence, and took some few thousands. This morning, when the horse was led from his stable he still shewed lame, but on getting warm you could scarcely perceive it. Then they went at it with a perfect looseness until the odds rested upon him at 10 to 8, at which they remained until the horses started, which was at one o'clock, Hickory John in the lead, in which position they ran over the most of the ground. Now and then, when he was on hard ground, (where he was afraid to extend himself), the mare would collar him. No sooner, however, than he got upon soft earth, he would shake her off at his ease, and ended the race some 20 yards ahead.

Both nags cooled off handsomely. The bruised place on Hickory's heel had burst during the heat and was bleeding, which appeared to afford a temporary relief, for he discovered no signs of lameness. The odds were now freely offered on the horse at 3 to 1, and some few takers at first, but they soon withdrew from the market until betting entirely ceased.

After the usual time for rubbing they came again to the scratch: *Miss Medley* takes the lead and keeps it for about three fourths of a mile, when he collars her: the struggle is short and she yields the track to him. Nothing daunted she tries him again, and at the turns beyond the Judges' stand she takes the track again; but it will not do—he dashes at her and passes her in a twinkling, and takes the lead from thence until the close of the heat which he wins by about 30 yards. Time, 8:1 and 8:4. Time of the four miles (the track is over a mile) 7:55 and 7:57¼. The time was taken by Col. HAMPTON of S. C., who was appointed for the purpose by a couple of gentlemen who had bet $1000 on Hickory John's doing it in 7:47. At the time the bet was made it was thought that Hickory John would run his great match against time in the race with *Miss Medley*—he therefore did not run to win the bye bet. The track was very slippery.

Hickory John is now very lame in his fore foot, and what is worse, he slipped in the last heat and strained his right hind leg, so that he is now on two legs.

In haste, sincerely yours, A. B. C.

The Secretary writes that the course was well attended, notwithstanding a slight shower of rain in the forenoon. The course was heavy from a shower of the day preceding.

Our special correspondent writes that the announcement on Monday of Hickory John's lameness, excited great consternation among the betting men, who began hedging, by betting 2 and 3 to 1 on Miss Medley. Miss Medley drew the track; after the race, she discovered a little lameness in her left fore foot.

We received the following "slips" by the Express Mail from the editors of the different Augusta papers, which reached us on Sunday night, and were communicated by us to the different city morning papers of Monday:—

COURIER OFFICE, (Augusta,) Dec. 6, 1836.

Miss Medley and *Hickory John* met to-day at the appointed hour, on the Lafayette Course. The day was overcast and lowering, but its gloom fell on both alike. Neither of them appeared to have the blues, though secret rumors shook the town of both being lame, and laboring under various other ailments. We believe they were all jockey tricks to catch the unwary, for nothing of the kind was manifest when the two beautiful competitors made their appearance. The turf was rendered heavier than usual by a slight rain, and the track is thirty-three feet too long. Hickory John won in two heats. Time, first heat, 8.1¼—second, 8:4. The match against time was not decided to-day.

Since the above was in type, a friend, who examined the horse, has informed us that Hickory John was really lame, and the blood was running from the wound near the fetlock of the left fore-leg.

AUGUSTA CHRONICLE OFFICE, Dec. 6, 1836.

THE GREAT RACE.—This day, the great race, for $10,000, between *Hickory John* and *Miss Medley*, was won by the former with ease, in two heats, coming out about forty feet ahead each time, and beating her almost every stretch. Time, first heat, 7:56—allowing for the length of the track over a mile, 7:55—second, heat, 8:4. The turf was wet and heavy in consequence of the rain, which fell considerably before and during the race.

AUGUSTA, GA. Dec. 6, 1836. 7 P. M.

STATE RIGHTS' SENTINEL EXTRA.

GREAT MATCH RACE.—"*The grey mare not the better horse.*"—This day at one o'clock the great match race between Hickory John and Miss Medley, for $5000 a side came off over the Lafayette Course. Betting, so far as we could ascertain, in favor of Hickory John, and in some instances at considerable odds.

First heat. Won by Hickory John, after a pretty hard struggle the whole four miles, by two or three lengths. Time, 8:1¼.

Second heat. Won by Hickory John in 8:4. In the first quarter of the fourth mile, Miss Medley passed him, and her friends began to believe the race was safe for them, but she was unable to hold it, the horse passing her again in the next stretch.

☞ The "slip" from the office of the *Daily Constitutionalist* was taken from our office by a Southern gentleman, to a stakeholder, who forked up "a few." The Constitutionalist need not be surprised at receiving a basket of champaigne for the news.

Previous to the race on Tuesday, a match was made against time, for $5000 aside, that the choice, of *Hickory John* or *Miss Medley*, could run two heats of four miles, in the average time of 7:52 each heat. This match has no reference to the one between the two horses, and since its result, Hickory John has been selected. The day of running was to be selected between the 6th inst. and the 1st day of Jan., giving 24 hours notice. The Constitutionalist of the 8th inst. says:—

"At this time the horse is lame; his friends think that he will recover in a few days, and that he will be prepared to make the trial about the 27th inst., should the ground be in good order. The forfeit up is $2000. We understand that his friends are willing to back him still further."

☞ We are not aware whether horses date their age from 1st of Jan. or 1st of May in Georgia. We have added the weights on the supposition that they date from the 1st of May

We have been obliged to supply the color, age, weight, dam and sire, of each entry and nomination, at an expense of time and trouble that is no joke.

Jockey Club Races--Lafayette Course.

FIRST DAY, Wednesday, Dec. 7, 1836.—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, raised or owned on the 1st of Sept. in the counties of Richmond, Burke, and Columbia, Ga., and Edgefield and Barnwell, S. C. Mile heats. Colts, 90 lbs., fillies, 87 lbs. Sub. $50 each. P. P.

Capt. J. J. Harrison's b. c. *Southerner*, by Bullock's Muckle John, dam by American Citizen	1	1
Col. J. H. Townes' b. f. ——, by Eclipse, dam by Contention	2	2
J. Leveritch's gr. f. *Miss Bathgate*, by Kirkland, out of Highland Mary, sister to Medoc and Midas	3	dis.

Time, 1:55—1:58. Track heavy.

We gather from the "Constitutionalist," that strong running was made from the start, Southerner having the track. On the 1st half mile, Miss Bathgate challenged for the lead, but could not reach it. When she declined, Col. Townes' chesnut filly took it up, collared the grey filly, and finally beat her up to the stand by half a neck. The 2d heat was won by Southerner after a close contest.

SECOND DAY.—Purse $300. Two mile heats.

Capt. Donald Rowe's b. c. *Vertumnus*, by Eclipse, out of Empress, by Defiance, 5 yrs. 112 lbs	2	1	1
Capt. J. J. Harrison's gr. m. *Sally Vandyke*, by Henry, dam by Ogle's Oscar, 4 yrs. 99 lbs	1	2	2
John G. Winter's (Col. J. Crowell's) b. c. *Long Measure*,* by Bertrand, dam by Timoleon, own bro to Bill Austin, 6 y 120lbs	dis.		

Time, 3.53—3:54—4:10. * Dis. by his jockey's carelessness.

Vertumnus was the favorite against the field. He had the track, and with Sally Vandyke, made play from the start. The mare headed him on the last mile, and maintained her stride to the finish, winning by half a length. Long Measure did not run for the heat, and his rider attempting to drop within the distance, mistook it, and was shut out about 20 feet. The second heat was every inch contested, but Vertumnus won it by half a length; he also won the 3d by two lengths, after a very exciting contest.

THIRD DAY.—Purse $800. Four mile heats.

Col. John Crowell's ch. h. *John Bascomb*, by Bertrand, out of Grey Goose, by Pacolet, 5 yrs. 112 lbs	1	1	
Capt. J. J. Harrison's gr. c. *Kite*, by Bullock's Muckle John, out of Eliza Splotch, by Sir Archie, 3 yrs. 90 lbs	3	2	
Capt. D. Rowe's ch. m. *Lady Morgan*, by John Richards, dam by Expedition, 5 yrs. 109 lbs	2	dr.	

Time, 8:1—8:1. Track 33 feet over a mile.

Bascomb was the favorite dollars to cents, and won the race like open and shut. Particulars hereafter.

FOURTH DAY.—Purse $400. Three mile heats.

Howard and Kenan's gr. m. *Miss Medley*, by Johnson's Medley, dam by St. Tammany, 5 yrs. 109 lbs	1	1	
Capt. D. Rowe's ch. g. *Clodhopper*, (pedigree unknown) 4 yrs. 99 lbs	3	2	
Capt. J. J. Harrison's gr. h. *Turnbull*, by Phenomenon, dam by Andrew, 4 yrs. 102 lbs	2	dis.	

Time, 6:4—6:2. Track 33 feet over a mile.

Miss Medley's stride carried her through without a struggle. She is a prodigious fine mare, and we shall be glad to see her next Spring here at the North, where she was bred.

Mr. BYRD, the Secretary, has kindly offered to furnish an official report of this meeting if we desire it. As we are in doubt as to the age and pedigree of one or two of the entries, we shall be obliged to him for a revised report.

EDITOR'S CORRESPONDENCE.

WASHINGTON CITY, 12th Dec., 1836.

Our city is again enlivened by the assembling of the dignitaries of the nation. The excitement growing out of it has scarcely begun. Festivities may be expected towards the heel of the winter, when torrents of eloquence may be looked for from Clay, Calhoun, Webster, Preston, Adams, and perhaps some other orators—at the abuses, fancied or real, that they may discover. Like Purdy's race with Eclipse, opposition to the manner by which the heir apparent succeeds to the throne, may be expected to start from score; a good start is something in a long as well as short run. Political friends and opponents have been the last week in gloom, with the exception of those who regard victory as above all other considerations—the *real* Jackson men at the low health of their chief, now improving, and his opponents at their defeat in the Presidential election.

But, with better roads than usual at this season, the rivers free from ice, and the increased facilities by rail-roads, "all the world" is expected to be here before Spring: the ides of March are coming. Meanwhile the theatre is our only amusement—but that is admirably gotten up. The house itself is handsome and convenient, and the stock company probably the best in the country; Rowbotham and Mrs. Rogers deserve special commendation. The loveliness and talents of the lady, united with her zeal and moral worth, renders her peculiarly attractive. Were not the public hanging back for expected stars, the house would no doubt be constantly well attended.

The American Stud Book, an interesting work to all Turfmen, is passing slowly through the process of *stereotyping*, which, with its own intrinsic merit, will be the means of preventing rivalry. A LOOKER ON.

DEATH OF SIR LOVELL.

LEXINGTON, Ky., Dec. 5, 1836.

Dear Sir,—You will, for the information of the friends of *Sir Lovell*, a native of your State, please publish in the Spirit of the Times, this notice of his death, which took place about three weeks since, at the residence of P. E. Todhunter, Esq. in Jessamine County, Ky. It seldom happens that the death of a horse creates so much sorrow; but Sir Lovell being one of the noblest sons of Duroc, and a great acquisition to our Kentucky Stock, his death is much lamented. During his short stay with us, he made many friends, and has left a numerous progeny behind, some of which will perpetuate his name for years to come. *Hawk Eye*, who is on the same farm where his noble sire died, will be a living monument of the speed and bottom of his sire. A SUBSCRIBER.

LETTER FROM 'D. Q.' OF VIRGINIA.

PRIAM, *winner of the Derby*.—It is said, on the best authority, that Priam, if he arrives safely, (and he is expected about the last of December, inst.) will cover a limited number of mares, at Mr. Williamson's stable, near Richmond, Virginia. He was the most successful son of Emilius while on the turf, and for this country especially, his running was the best. Plenipo, another son of Emilius, it is true, was a most wonderful horse, and beat his competitors with the greatest ease. Priam has the advantage of him in one respect of much importance in *this country*, that of running successfully *long distances*, in which respect Plenipo is almost untried. Priam has another advantage, that of blood, being better bred on the dam's side.

MARGRAVE, *winner of the Great Doncaster St. Leger*, has arrived at Nashville, Tenn., where he will make his next season. His blood is equal to any. Muley, his sire, was probably the *strongest* thorough-bred in England. The sporting works speak of him as equal to 20 stone, (280 lbs.)! The next cross Election, winner of the Derby, was a popular and highly esteemed son of Gohanna, the best four mile horse of his day, and unrivalled, too, as a stallion. Hambletonian, the stoutest of the stout, Delpini, Phenomenon, Matchem, &c. &c., are all first rate crosses in every sense of the word.

LUZBOROUGH will remain one year longer at his late stand, near Franklin Tenn., and be admitted to a limited number of mares at $100. His colts in this country are very promising. One of his colts in England has won, I believe, nine or ten races this year.

MERMAN will cover at the stable of Mr. L. P. Cheatham, near Nashville His blood is of the right *four mile* sort—Whalebone, Orville, Sir Solomon, Highflyer, Squirrel, Blank, Crab, Sister to Partner. There's a pedigree for you! All stout, honest crosses, speedy enough, too, but of untiring game.

The breeders of Tennessee have in these three last horses, in the stud of Messrs. JACKSON & Co., *Pacific*, and other native stallions, and in the imported horse *Whale*, (a real good 'un, and no mistake,) who remains at Mr. Hurt's, in the Western District, a great variety of the best blood. "*Old Kentuck*" should look sharp, or the defeat of *Angora* may, ere long, be signally avenged, notwithstanding the aid, which she will have, of imported *Tranby*, and *American Eclipse*. Yours, D. Q.

ECLIPSE AND HENRY.

VIRGINIA, Dec., 1836.

Mr. Editor—In eulogies of the dead, injustice is frequently done to the living. I know not whether CRAFTS, the rider of *Eclipse* in his first heat with *Henry*, be alive or not; but if he be living, it seems to me that *he* requires justice at the hands of the public, now that PURDY, who has so much *eclipsed* him, is no more.

In justice to Crafts, it should be borne in mind he rode Eclipse the fastest heat, *by 12 seconds, that he ever ran*. Could Henry have repeated a second heat within ten seconds of his first, Eclipse must have been beat, according to "An Old Turfman's" account. With all Purdy's persuasion, Eclipse was unable to pass Henry until they had entered upon the fourth mile, when Henry's *extraordinary* weight for a 4 year old began to tell. The same causes might have led to the same result had Crafts been upon Eclipse. I will venture to say no man in the country would have laid any large amount at 1 to 10, or even 20, that Purdy could have rode Eclipse four miles under 7:40.

Without detracting from "the honest Purdy's" skill, I will add my belief, that he is indebted to that fame, associated with Eclipse, from Sir Charles being amiss at Washington, and the Napoleons being amiss at Long Island. The latter had planned the campaign, which closed without a leader.

From my own observation, I have concluded that the progeny of Sir Charles and Henry are superior to that of Eclipse *in bottom*, in which particular I believe their sires were superior also. The "Old Turfman" states that Henry won the first heat by a length and lost the second by two lengths, Eclipse being driven by *the* persuaders in both cases. The eight pounds extra, according to Southern weights, all the world over is known to be more than equivalent to a distance. If that be true, Henry with 100 lbs., Southern weight, would have more than distanced Eclipse. As matter of history, be it also known, that it was understood, though through mistake, that Eclipse might be induced to come upon the Turf again; and a similar challenge was renewed by Capt. J. J. HARRISON, who had in his stable at that time two very promising three year olds—*Janet*, that beat Henry, and *Arab*, that beat them both. B.

TROTTING COURSE, NEAR BOSTON.

How the good people of the "land of steady habits" will open their eyes at this caption. No matter; let them take counsel of Hamlet, that "it is better to bear the ills we have than fly to others that we know not of." The Bostonians have a passion for horses, and no city in the Union can boast of a greater number of good ones. We have repeatedly seen in the streets of that city a team of four or five in "a truck," that could be sold here for private carriage horses at seven or eight hundred dollars the pair. New Yorkers select horses for their speed—Bostonians are satisfied with moderate goers, at the rate of ten miles an hour, if they are handsome. A New York "crack" will trot his mile in 2:45, or sixteen within the hour; if he is up to this time, no matter how he looks. When he is "going the pace," nobody ever looks to see how he "carries his tail," or whether he has one or not. In Boston, the horses generally are well shaped, spirited, and exceedingly well broke; they are lasting, too, and a good livery horse, if properly managed, may be driven all day at his ordinary gait. Very few people, comparatively, drive at first rate speed in New England, and when one of them is caught on our Third Avenue, behind a tip top bit of blood, he involuntarily clinches your arm, as if fearful of being run away with, or "spilled out."

"Have a care, Mr. Editor, you are running off the track!" Here we are, then, "this side up with care," on the *Trotting Course, near Boston*. The letter subjoined informs us that a course has been commenced at Cambrige Port, so that the young bloods of the Modern Athens will have "appliances and means to boot" to test the speed and endurance of their bits of blood, without knocking them up in thundering over the pavements of Washington-street, as they wend their way out to the bowling alleys of Roxbury, the usual, and about the only means of killing a dull afternoon in the capital of the Bay State. But to the letter; here it is:—

BOSTON, Mass., Dec. 6, 1836.

Dear Sir—Enclosed is a "twenty spot"—20 dollars—the amount of subscription for one year, for four numbers, of "your Spirit" of the Times, which please direct to the following gentlemen:—

[They are all good men and true, and their names, will they not be found on our subscription list ten years hence?]

We *Bosting* folks have been fitting up a Course in Cambridge, about five miles out, and hope by another season to be able to show the York Boys that we can do something. We don't expect to do as much as they at present in the way of "trotting cattle," though we now have some "tits" that can make a *fastish* horse go *some*. We acknowledge ourselves "green un's;" but if you will come and see us, we will give you a plenty of "Heidsick," and show what little our nags can do.

Several Matches have come off over the Cambridge track, but none of any consequence. The Course is not quite finished, and consequently is rather heavy; the soil is sandy, which prevents making crack time; however, it is much better to win "Heidsick" upon than our hard roads.

Last week a match of two miles and repeat, under the saddle, came off between Mr. R's Canadian Stallion and Mr. M's Narraganset Pony, both pacers, and "both *team horses*," rode by "green riders." The riders' weight was a "*leetle*" less than two hundred pounds each. The first heat was done in 5:40—the second in 5:39, and the match won by the "Narraganset Scrub" by about two lengths. Pretty fair time, wasn't it, for horses out of the team and in no condition, through the sand? The Course is a *full mile*.

If there should be any thing done worthy of notice on the Cambridge Course, you shall hear from me. Respectfully,

Your obedient servant, J. O.

P.S. I have just heard that a private match has been made between two of my friends, for $1000, one mile and repeat, h. ft., to come off in two weeks from to-day, under the saddle. If the horses go that are named, there will be lots of pewter forked up on both. J. O.

☞ Several important communications received on Thursday and Friday, are unavoidably crowded out this week.

A Free Press.—One in which every blockhead may insert what he pleases *gratis*.

NEWBERRY C. H. (S. C.) JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

"DEAR P.,—Having just returned from our Jockey Club Races, I hasten to inform you of the result. As this is the first report I ever attempted, (if you think it worth publishing) you can do so; but I must beg of you to "get it in condition," where I may have gone "amiss." Hoping I may be able to do better next time, I subscribe myself, Your obedient servant, M. R. S."

The scale of weights adopted by the Newberry Jockey Club is as follows, viz.: 3 yr. olds, 90lbs—4, 102—5, 112—6, 120—aged, 126lbs., mares and geldings allowed 3lbs.

FIRST DAY, Nov. 22, 1836.—Purse $300, Three mile heats.

Townes & Smith's bl. f. *Black Bird*, by Arab, dam by Virginian, 4 yrs.	1	1	
James H. Adams' ch. h. *Sir Kenneth*, by Crusader, dam by Buzzard, 5 yrs.	2	2	
G. Edmonson's br. f. *Mary Jackson*, by Jackson, dam by Janus, 4 yrs.	dis.		

Time, 6:12—6:10. Track very heavy from previous rains.

SECOND DAY.—Purse $200, Two mile heats.

James H. Adams' b. f. *Hebe*, by Gohanna, dam by Sir Charles, 4 yrs.	2	1	1
Townes & Smith's b. h. *Paul Pry*, by Mons. Tonson, dam by Contention, 5 yrs.	1	2	dr.

Time, 4:0—4:0—3d, walked through.

This was a beautiful race, especially the first heat, Paul Pry taking the lead from the start with the filly just at her haunches, until they entered the last quarter stretch home, when the filly made a dash—the whip and spur freely used on both—a shout is raised—the filly is ahead half a length—down they come at a killing pace—all is hushed again—as they pass the distance stand, another shou and they are at the Judges' Stand, the horse ahead by half a length, the brush being too long and severe for the filly.

After the usual time, the nags are again summoned to the starting post. Both cooled off finely, although Paul was in indifferent order, and his owners disco

vered him to be lame, from an injury he received whilst in training, last Fall, in Augusta, by a horse running against him, and very much injuring his stifle joint, in which place he again failed. But they were induced to try him a second heat, which he lost by about two lengths, in the same time as the first heat. He was then withdrawn, being so lame that he could scarcely use his left hind leg. In consequence he is now withdrawn from the turf.

THIRD DAY.—Purse $600, Mile heats.

Townes & Smith's b. f. *Leanah*, by Seagull, dam by Whipster, 3 yrs.	1	1
G. Edmonson's b. f. *Jane Reed*, by Lance, dam by Expedition, 4 yrs.	3	2
James Creswell's ch, c. *Jim Henry*, by Murat, dam by Director, 3 yrs	2	3

Time, 1:58—2. Won very easily.

Leanah was the favorite at odds against the field, but little betting. I think she is destined to make some of the old champions quake for their laurels, at some day not far distant.

FOURTH DAY.—Purse $600, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

James H. Adams' *Sir Kenneth*, by Crusader, dam by Bussard, 5 yrs	2	2	1	1	1
Townes & Smith's f. *Miss Newberry*, by Rob Roy, dam by Hephestion, 4 yrs	1	1	2	2	2
James Creswell's ch. c. *Tom Ruffin*, by Mons. Tonson, out of Betsy Ruffin, 3 yrs	3	dr.			
G. Edmonson's b. f. *Jane Reed*, by Lance, dam by Expedition, 4 yrs	4	dis.			

Time, 1:55—1:55—1:58—1:58—2.

This was one of the best races ever run over the Newberry Course; the best time ever made over that course hitherto was 1:58.

At 12 o'clock the horses were summoned to the post. They all come up together, the word is given, and they are off. They sweep round the turn, Miss Newberry leading, but not without a struggle; for Tom Ruffin made play from the score, and kept up his stride at the heels of Miss Newberry, until within about 200 yards of home, when he declined. The rider of Sir Kenneth, who had been going in hand, thought they were all tired, and now came up, and challenged for the lead. But Miss Newberry had enough in hand left to slip in and win the heat, in 1:55, the quickest mile ever run on that course, it being heavy, though much improved since Monday.

Second heat.—Some betting now that Jane Reed would win the money. At the signal they all appeared at the post except Tom Ruffin, who being very high, was drawn. The other three started well together, Sir Kenneth making a struggle for the track; but the rider of Miss Newberry (little *Gus*,) was wide awake, and determined to cut out the work, which he did, winning the heat in 1:55. Jane Reed, intending to save her distance only, got so far behind, that she could not make up the gap and was distanced.

Betting now even, though the filly would have been greatly the favorite except for the fact that she had been in training only three or four weeks. She still looked very sprightly, and cooled off well. The horse seemed as if he had only been taking his exercise gallop; and his appearance denoted fine condition.

Third heat.—Miss Newberry took the lead, passed by Sir Kenneth, and in this way they continued to run down the back stretch, around the turn, and up the quarter stretch for home, the persuaders freely used, and the whip hands of both at work,—but still the filly maintains her position until they pass the distance, and are up to the Judges' Stand, when the filly starts, jostles her rider, and the horse passes her, and wins the heat by six inches, much to the astonishment of all.

Fourth heat.—Betting now changed, and the odds were freely offered on the horse. Both looked well, though the filly puffed a little. This heat was a very interesting one, but run differently from the 3 first heats. Sir Kenneth, at the word, took the lead, and to work he went in good earnest, the filly lying well up. On the 3d quarter she went up at a flight of speed and collared the horse, and after a desperate brush, passed him, although the energies of the horse were called forth by every persuasion, and took the lead and track, which she kept until she came to the distance stand. Here the horse run up and challenged her, and after going with her a few jumps, threw her off, and won the heat in 1:58, by a length.

The fourth heat was run in the same way, only that the horse maintained the lead throughout, winning by 2 lengths in 2m.

Thus ended our annual Fall meeting, which was conducted in such a manner as to please every body, and gain many new subscribers to our Club. We have several Colt Stakes open, to be run for at our next Fall meeting. M. R. S.

FRANKLIN ASSOCIATION (Elkhorn, Ky.) RACES.

We gave a report (furnished by a subscriber) of these races recently, but having accidentally met a gentleman who attended them, and received the official report, we have thought best to give a more complete one. The weights carried are, for 3 yr. olds, 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—aged, 124lbs., with 3lbs. off to m.'s and g.'s.

We take pleasure in giving place to the following paragraph from "The Commonwealth," one of the most able of the Kentucky journals, published at Frankfort:—

Having been present at several of the Elkhorn races, we cannot omit this opportunity of bearing testimony to the good order and uniform propriety with which they were conducted. The performance of the horses, as will appear from the minutes of the time, was such as would have done no discredit to the most celebrated tracks in the Union.

FIRST DAY, Nov. 2, 1836.—Sweepstakes for colts and fillies, 2 yrs. old; sub. $50, h. ft.—Mile heats, 9 subs.

Lewis Sanders, Jr.'s b. c. *Phaeton*, by Bertrand, out of Lady Gray, 75lbs	2	1	1
Henry Daniel's b. c. by Bertrand, dam by Gallatin, 75lbs	1	2	dr.
John Harper's b. c. by Brunswick, [dam omitted] 75lbs	dis.		

SECOND DAY.—Purse $300, Three mile heats.

Sidney Burbridge's ch. c. *Big John*, by Bertrand, dam by Hamiltonian, 3 yrs	1	1
James Shy's b. m. *Maria Louisa*, by Muckle John, dam by Gallatin, 4 yrs	2	2
T. J. Robinson's b. h. *Jim Allen*, by Archie of Transport, dam by Hancock's Hamiltonian, 4 yrs	3	3

Time, 5:56—6.

THIRD DAY.—Purse $200, Two mile heats.

Mason Thompson's b. f. *Eliza Bailey*, by Columbus, dam by Stockholder, 4 yrs	1	1
George W. Tarleton's g. c. *Wm. H. Harrison*, by Trumpator, dam by Doublehead, 3 yrs	3	2
W. Sanders' s. h. *Unit*, by McDuffie, dam by Sumpter, 5 yrs	4	3
Peter Gatewood's b. f. *Fidget*, by Trumpator, dam by Gallatin, 4 yrs	2	dis.

Time, 4:4—3:52.

FOURTH DAY.—Purse $100, Mile heats.

Mason Thompson's b. f. *Mary McFarland*, by Columbus, dam by Grey Dungannon, 3 yrs	1	1
Maj. Thos. Stephenson's s. c. by Shakspeare	2	2

Time, 1:57—1:52.

Same Day.—Sweepstakes, sub. $25, h. ft. Mile heats, 4 subs.

Benj. Luckett's *Chilton*, by Sea Gull, dam by Wonder, 4 yrs	3	1	1
Major Stephenson's s. h. *Drunkard*, by Sumpter, dam by Moses, 5 yrs	2	2	2
John Harris's *Bob Collins*, by Ratler, 5 yrs	1	3	3
T. W. Noel's b. c, *Dey of Algiers*, by Sea Gull, dam by Sumpter, 5 yrs	4	dis.	

Time, 1:56—1:57—1:52—each horse carrying 80lbs.

Pedigrees for the New Stud Book.

The choice stock of JOHN MACLEOD, Esq. of Bona Vista, Johnston County, North Carolina, viz.:

Henrietta, b. m. by Timoleon—foaled autumn of 1823—dam by Young Tupp, grandam by Umpire, g. g. dam by Grey Diomed, g. g. g. dam by Wild Air, Fearnought, out of a fine bred mare, whose pedigrees are perhaps irrecoverably lost. Young Tupp was by Imp. Tupp—Young Tupp's dam was by Musk—he by Imp. Shark, out of old Imp. Virago. Umpire was by Imp. Shark, out of a mare by Imp. Cub. See Turf Register, vol. 5, page 53.

PRODUCE.

1828. April 6th, (Easter Sunday) ch. c. *Festival*, by American Eclipse.
1830. B. C. by Sir Archy—died.
1832. Missed to Monsieur Tonson.
1833. May 24th, b. f. *Flora MacDonald*, by American Eclipse.
1834. May 7th, b. f. *Mis-take*, by American Eclipse.
1835. May 7th. b. f. *Victoria*, by Imp. Luzborough.
1836. With Imp. Leviathan, and to stay for 1837.

THE ENGLISH RACER AND SADDLE HORSE.

A COMPARATIVE VIEW OF THE FORM AND CHARACTER OF THE ENGLISH RACER AND SADDLE HORSE OF THE LAST AND PRESENT CENTURIES. ILLUSTRATED BY EIGHTEEN PLATES. 4TO.—LONDON: HOOKHAM, 1836.

It is aptly observed by the editor of the General Stud Book, in the preface to the second volume, that if any proof were wanting of the superiority of the English breed of horses over that of every other country, it might be found in the avidity with which they are sought by foreigners. The exportation of them to Russia, Germany, France, &c., for the last five years has been so considerable, as to render it an object of some importance in a commercial point of view. But this advantage some of our Continental neighbors are of opinion will not long remain with us; they are fully aware of the source whence we derive this superiority, and are in consequence endeavoring to establish races on the English plan, which, together with a more careful selection of stallions and mares than they observe in England, will very soon, they say, enable them to excel us; and they anticipate a day, not very distant, when the English must send to the Continent, if not for speedy, at least for *sound* horses. This hint about soundness may be worth attention, but for the rest there can be little to apprehend.

As considerable difference of opinion prevails with regard to the *character* of the Race-horse of by-gone days and that of the present, we deem the remarks of the author of the "Comparative View" entitled to the serious notice of all breeders, whether of horses or cattle. *If* the blood-horse has degenerated, it becomes our bounden duty to examine the source whence that pre-eminence was derived; and if through any particular channel, to introduce, as far as practicable, that blood again into our present breed. The Author's declared object "is to investigate the results of that structural enlargement of animals which is unnatural—to point out those properties which may be acquired by certain of them when fully reclaimed, and those which they are likely to lose in this condition. The natural stature both of horses and cattle is small compared with that which they acquire when domesticated."

The first chapter treats of the great tasks performed by race-horses of the last century—their useful symmetry, and the long time they remained on the Turf:—the small tasks performed by modern race-horses, their bad symmetry, and the short time they remain on the Turf—illustrated by portraits of

Old Partner	Sedbury	A Racer, unknown
Mambrino	Sweetbriar	Sweetwilliam
Volunteer	Protector	Sharke
Johnny	Gimcrack	Mulcy Moloch
Selim	Pericles.	

We take leave to ask the Author if he ever saw or heard of *Longwaist*, an honest son of Whalebone, who died only last year, and who while on the Turf won TWENTY-SEVEN prizes, fifteen of which were gold cups? or of *Marksman*, who started seventy-five times, and won FORTY-ONE plates? This horse when eighteen years old, in 1826, won £50 at Ashford, Kent, at three heats.

Chapters 4 to 10 inclusive are devoted to the consideration of the saddle-horse, its form, &c.—food—size of brood mares—on what the price of a good horse depends—reasons which induce foreigners to purchase English horses—absence abroad of any system calculated to *maintain* a fine race of horses—peculiar situation of our farmers as breeders of saddle-horses:—highly important considerations, certainly, and which demand the serious attention of every horseman.

The fifth chapter is illustrated with four portraits of "Hunters," two from pictures by Stubbs; a horse, the property of Mr. Micklethwaite, by Marshall; and Mr. Rounding's Spankaway, by A. Cooper. The last is thorough-bred; the first produce of his dam, foaled in 1792, was got by Ruler (Son of Young Marske), dam by Phenomenon. Ruler won the Doncaster St. Leger in 1780; Phenomenon the same prize in 1763.

With our *defective system* (so styled) we felt not a little proud in the admission of the cause which induce foreigners to repair hither for horses. "Foreigners," says the Author, "not breeding their horses under any well-organized system of art, have none which unite much structural power with speed. Their horses are hardy and useful for many purposes; but when powerful, they have little speed; and when speedy, they are deficient in stature."

As Government is called upon to move out of its ordinary track, in order to influence the quality of our horses, by a NATIONAL ESTABLISHMENT, we shall quote the Author's views of the course to be taken in furtherance of such a plan:—

"A National Establishment should commence its functions by obtaining from the East a considerable number of well-selected ponies. The better portion would be found to possess much natural speed, stoutness under severe exertion, with limbs and feet peculiarly adapted for moving rapidly on a hard surface. It would be puerile to bring from so great a distance such ill-shapen and attenuated creatures as those now usually imported under the name of Arabians; or to employ persons to purchase who have not had experience of the best horses under severe exertion. They would search in vain amongst Oriental horses for those properties which are acquired under a system of continued selection. Looking only for natural qualities, they should select animals as nearly in a state of nature as they could find them; having good symmetry, a full amount of muscle, and whatever natural speed the best animals of the best race are found to possess.

"When brought home a further trial should be made. In this we should be content with a degree of speed which is natural, and an amount of structural power as nearly natural as could be procured. The offspring of these small horses should be tried in each succeeding generation; and we should be satisfied for a few years to see the natural speed of the race gradually augment, retaining only for breeding such as went through their trials satisfactorily.

"It would be folly to buy horses of large structure in the East; such would be found to have less speed than the small ones, while factitious structure can be given here with only too much facility.

"When the public shall become alive to the deteriorated condition of our saddle-horses, and anxious to obtain such as are more useful, the first step must be a recurrence to nature for those properties which art has destroyed. It has been shewn that, in the absence of fresh blood, the elongated skeleton of the modern racer can only be shortened by a process which would render him a starveling. The character of the whole race has been reduced in this respect to a common level. Some individuals may be more compact than others, but all have lost something which fresh blood only can restore. If we rear them at a reasonable expense, their growth is stunted—if on rich grass, they lose their speed. Whether we try to renovate this exhausted race, or substitute another, the objects we seek are a more compact form and greater vigor; and these can only be found in horses which are nearer to a state of nature. So long as individual differences in a race enabled us to correct individual defects, we may dispense with fresh blood, but no longer.

"A National Establishment having selected horses from amongst a fine race, distinguished from their companions by their symmetry, their natural speed, and full amount of muscles, should carefully observe how far the artificial properties afterwards given to the race diminished its natural ones. A mass of facts would after some years be obtained and recorded, calculated to throw for the first time a steady light on the distant, as well as proximate, consequences resulting from factitious causes. These facts are not likely to be collected under any system less permanent and comprehensive than one under the control of a National Establishment. Its stock should be divided into two portions; both should be placed under the influence of continued selection for speed and stoutness; but one should be maintained at a structure as nearly natural as possible. With such conflicting properties as speed, vigor, and great structural enlargement, a reserve of more natural animals cannot be dispensed with.—The enlarged portion of the stock should again be divided into two classes, one being kept for breeding, the other for working; the size of the former should be allowed to become as large as is required to enable it to produce animals sufficiently powerful for working; every effort should be made to keep down the stature of the breeding animals to that point which suffices, by the aid of rich food, to produce working animals sufficiently powerful; increasing the stature of the race as little, and that of the individuals as much as possible. In breeding horses of the best race it might be found desirable to have one portion less speedy, but more muscular, than the other, in order to meet that variety of demand which exists in a highly civilized nation. There should be a certain amount of foreign blood in the horses of our heavy cavalry; but foreign horses, having a degree of speed which is incompatible with much muscular power, are not so well calculated for heavy cavalry as horses with less speed but with more muscular and constitutional power. *Mambrino*, *Sweetwilliam*, or *Sedbury*, were better fitted for producing proper stock for cavalry than *Sharke*. This animal was more advanced by art than the earlier horses as respects speed; but he was not so well calculated for enabling us to produce powerful saddle-horses. If a foreign race is to assist in the production of our heavy cavalry horses, it must possess as much structural power as can be combined with a sufficiency of action, vigor, and power.

"The natural qualities of the horse are found nearest perfection when they are in a condition the least removed from one of nature. Artificial structure is obtained by rich food, and artificial speed by continued selection. The course of the breeder is easy so long as it is in one direction: that is, in advance. When, however, the form of a whole race has become deteriorated, the symmetry which is lost can only be recovered by going back to nature. A National Establishment would, in this case, renovate the enlarged portion of its stock by having resource to the animals whose stature had been enlarged. Such an institution should ever be at work preparing smaller animals by means of trials, and continued selection, for being crossed when required with that enlarged portion of its stock which from time to time became deteriorated. The smaller animals, until wanted, should be kept in a state as nearly as possible of nature. They would thus retain their vigor while acquiring all the advantage derived from continued selection; they could be maintained at the least possible expense—at one which the sale of the annual draughts would nearly or wholly repay.

"If a new race were to be formed, under the system we have now recommended, capable of running long distances, and carrying much weight without distress, premiums might be again granted to the winners of certain tasks upon the turf. To attempt to make modern racers to run longer distances, or carry more weight than at present, would be both cruel and useless. A National Establishment undertaking to form a new race of foreign horses could not be said to succeed, unless it supplied the country with horses as swift, stout, and powerful as the earlier racers. Knowing accurately the powers of the new race, it could point out the nature of the running for which premiums might properly be granted; and great tasks might again be performed on the Turf, without any of the cruelty which attends the present running. How far bounties can in future be made to influence the proceedings of the Turf, by competing successfully with heavy stakes, can only be ascertained by experience.

"The stallions whose stature had been adequately enlarged in the Establishment for supplying the demand of the farmers in the great breeding counties should be let out under strict regulations, or maintained by the Establishment in those counties in a condition best calculated to preserve their vigor. Mucilaginous food and other expedients had recourse to by private individuals to make the animals very fat, should not be resorted to; the stallions of a National Establishment should make their way to public favor by the goodness of their stock. No horse should leave the Establishment as a stallion laboring under any essential defect. If a public Establishment supplied the breeding counties with the best class of stallions at a cheap rate—bred within its own precincts—a limited number of the best class horses for different purposes, allowing parents and their offspring to be freely inspected, the public would be enlightened by example; and, becoming gradually accustomed to see the best forms, would no longer be satisfied with bad ones.

"In determining on the utility of some such plan as that proposed, the reader will do well to ask himself the following questions. Is there a strong disposition in every fine race of the horse, whose structure has been enlarged by unnaturally rich food, to become either coarse or weedy? Are the means adopted on the Turf to prevent coarseness more than palliatives? And are not some of them objectionable? Is it not better to recur to nature, when art has disposed a domesticated race of horses to coarseness, than to such a palliative as that of breeding on one side from old parents? Is not this substituting weediness for coarseness? If we adopt a system under which both coarseness and weediness are avoided, by recurring when necessary to fresh blood, we should be able to rear and work horses at the least possible expense. Under this system any essential loss of vigor would be instantly repaired by the most economical means. In maintaining vigor in a race of horses without coarseness, we should have laid the best foundation for giving to it those artificial qualities which result from annual trials, and continued selection.

"It is in our power to modify greatly the acquired as well as the natural properties of Oriental horses; but we cannot combine the highest degree of transient speed with the compact skeleton and muscular power displayed by the earlier horses, and required when great distances are to be traversed, or much weight to be carried."

The practical utility of our Author's plans and speculations may create doubt in some minds as to the propriety of their adoption to the extent of his views; we trust, however, that they will stimulate inquiry, and be productive of all the benefit the most sanguine may anticipate. It is a subject of vital importance and of grave deliberation. We earnestly recommend an attentive perusal of the work, not only to our readers, but to all engaged in the breeding of, and traffic in, horses.

London (Old) Sporting Magazine, for 1836.

SWITZERLAND AND ITS SPORTING ASSOCIATIONS.

A SECOND CHICHTON.

A second visit of some months to Switzerland has induced me to offer some further remarks, which I hope will not be altogether uninteresting, on that part of it with which I am best acquainted (the Canton de Vaud), as on this as well as on a former occasion circumstances prevented me from extending my acquaintance with that interesting country as far as I wished.

In the varied and extensive district, abounding in covert of all descriptions, and presenting almost every variety of surface and soil, it will naturally be imagined that game is very plentiful, which, however, is not the case to the degree that might be expected, compared at least with similar districts in our own Island, although the natives are not such keen sportsmen as the British; neither, as far as I can learn, are there many animals there peculiar to the country, or unknown in ours. In some parts of it foxes are far from scarce, although of course every man is a vulpecide when it suits his convenience; and I have no doubt that, were the chase introduced, it would afford much gratification to any man not in the number of those who will hunt nowhere but in Leicestershire, as many of these districts much resemble some of our best provincials. In a country where every man is a soldier, and frequent prizes given to the best marksmen, good shots should be frequent. I have not, however, heard of any extraordinary feats in this branch of sporting.

I perceive I lately made an error in calling the *brochet* (a lake fish) a species of trout. It approximates more nearly to the pike: but trout are also common in the rivers, of which, however, this Canton possesses few of much note. Archery is a common amusement among the gentry: and dancing in the open air is not unfrequent amongst all classes and both sexes. Wrestling, to which the peasantry of Berne and some other Cantons are much addicted, does not seem to prevail here. The Swiss do not strike me as a tall race of men—rather the contrary; nor remarkable for symmetry, although generally stout any hardy. The Swiss diligence horses, as I have said, are far superior to the French in reality as well as in appearance. The remark, I think, will apply to most other descriptions of that animal. The Vaudois chasseurs (generally the sons of rich farmers, and, like the yeomanry of England, finding their own horses, &c.) are by no means badly mounted. Driving is, however, much more common there than riding, and for this their horses are generally remarkably well broke, going without a touch, and stopping as easily. A gig horse (sire English, dam Hanoverian), the property of a friend of mine, was as pleasant an animal to drive as I ever saw. Many of them trot admirably in harness; as an instance, nine miles in fifty-five minutes, by a *lame* mare, on a very hilly road, drawing several persons, and without whip, is not a despicable performance.

The mention of this latter animal leads me to speak of her master, Mr. Abraham Barraud, known far and wide in the Canton, and even in some others, for his professional skill (he being a Veterinary Surgeon), and certainly, take him for all in all, one of the most remarkable persons I ever encountered. In fact, for a union of great and various powers of mind and body few persons on record can surpass him, as he is equally at home in the roughest and most elegant occupations. He is a sort of Chrichton. I am glad to be able therefore to claim him for a countryman; for though his parents were Swiss he was born in London, and has passed the greater part of his life amongst Englishmen. At the age of fifteen he enlisted into the 11th Light Dragoons, and served with them many years in India, and in the Burmese war. He was three times wounded; once as a volunteer at Bhurtpore, in 1826, on which occasion he had been nearly numbered with the slain. In his campaigns he made many a turbaned infidel bite the dust, and must have been a most formidable adversary in single combat. Although never in the saddle before he entered the army (that age, as he thinks, being early enough, and I agree with him; many boys here are now rendered helpless on foot, and otherwise injured, by riding too early and too constantly)—at eighteen years, being rough-riding serjeant of the regiment, he became deputy riding-master, an office which he retained till he quitted it (the riding-master, a commissioned officer, being in England). In these pursuits he was sometimes in the saddle from 3 A. M. to 8 P. M. He was a capital horseman, and might, I guess, have been ranked among "the crack riders of England." Whilst in the East he got up a theatre, painted the scenes, and trod the boards both in comedy and in tragedy. He was also the best hornpipe dancer in the army. He was no gamester, though there were too many in that army, but was, I believe, an admirer of the science of pugilism. Certain it is, that, though by no means quarrelsome, he was now and then provoked to a fistic combat for *love*; and on one of these occasions he broke the jaw of his antagonist: he was, however, more remarkable for strength and endurance than skill. In returning to Europe, after quitting the army, he was nearly lost in a storm off the Cape. He afterwards rode post from Calais to Jougne, on the frontiers of Switzerland, in three days and nights, taking no sleep, and subsisting on bread and brandy—a feat worthy of Osbaldiston. In addition to his other occupations, which are pretty constant, he is riding-master to the Cantonal Cavalry, to whom he has taught our sword exercise, which has been much admired. He has also taught the lance and carbine exercise. For his services to this regiment he was about to receive a valuable present when I left Switzerland.

In height, Mr. Barraud is five feet eight inches. He is remarkably stout, and indeed, too corpulent, weighing about sixteen stone. When he quitted our army his weight was twelve stone twelve pounds. His strength is Herculean; when in the 11th, he lifted his horse, fully equipped, with carbine, &c., by placing his back under him; a feat which only one other man in the regiment was able to perform. Lately, in throwing a horse for an operation, he broke a very strong cord used for the purpose. He pushes a horse out of his place as he would a Christian; and indeed, in almost everything he does he evinces uncommon muscular powers; from his size, and riding so constantly, he is, however, a very indifferent pedestrian. His constitution has been proof against ten or eleven years' hard service in a scorching climate, and although he finds the Swiss winter very cold, he is generally exposed to the weather the greater part of the day in all seasons. Although not more abstemious in India than other men, he now takes very little wine or strong liquors; indeed these, or beer (Swiss beer must not be compared with British), generally disagree with him; so that his constitution, with great general vigor, possesses some of those peculiarities which are usually thought common to men of genius. He is a good swimmer, and a capital dancer: still excelling, I am informed, notwithstanding his size, in a hornpipe; indeed, his usual step is as light as most men's. He has a bluff, lion-like visage, much bronzed by his Eastern campaigns. He is fond of the country of his birth, and has a frank, good-humored John-Bullish manner, soldier-like, and by no means ungentlemanlike, though perhaps more yeomanly and rustical.—(Nearly all the Swiss gentlemen in the small towns and villages, except the Clergy and some of the highest rank, wear blue smock frocks in the morning, so that it is almost impossible to distinguish them at first sight from the peasantry.)—He is of a happy temper, with much practical philosophy, enjoying what is good in this world,

enduring its evils with fortitude, neither dwelling on past afflictions, nor needlessly anticipating them. He is an excellent companion, and never at a loss for conversation, either in facts or arguments, anecdote or jest. Humorous and shrewd, he is not easily to be got the best of, either in this way or in driving a bargain; yet he is liberal in his dealings; and in the various relations of life, as husband, father, &c. his character stands high. He is exceedingly fond of music, in which he excels. I am told that he plays well on the guitar and flute: I know that he sings well, and has a fine manly voice. He is a man of taste, and has an eye for the beauties of nature animate or inanimate. Though self-taught, he not only draws, but paints, (not in water colors only,) and in very different styles, exceedingly well; he has executed some portraits, and many beautiful landscapes, but he excels chiefly in flowers. He also paints in a curious manner with colors composed of human hair chopped very small. He is also a chess-player, and something of a botanist. He not only speaks his two native languages with perfect correctness, but also understands Hindostanee, and something of German. He has lately successfully performed the operation of nerving, previously new to Switzerland, and I believe to the Continent, although he had only seen it described in a newspaper, or some periodical work. In consequence of his known skill, he has been chosen (without solicitation) a Member of the Medical Society of Lausanne, in which there is no lack of scientific men. Notwithstanding the active and stirring scenes in which the greater part of his life has been passed, and which it may be supposed have left him little leisure for reading, he has much general knowledge; nor would I by any means be understood as having given a complete catalogue of his accomplishments: I have only mentioned such as happened to fall more immediately under my own observation.

He had lately in his possession a very clever little English horse, remarkably pleasant to ride, which he sold, or rather exchanged, as not being quite equal to his weight. English horses are not very common in Switzerland. But lately a string of about half a score of them passed through that country on their way to the stables of the Pope. They were all blood-horses, and whether a present or a purchase, or in what way intended to be employed by his Holiness, I know not. Mr. Barraud, being called in to attend one of these professionally, made a most singular recognition. In the person who had the principal charge of them, he most unexpectedly encountered an old troop comrade whom he had left in India, and who, slower in making the discovery, and knowing nothing of the movements of his old acquaintance since leaving the army, was almost thunderstruck when the other, suddenly quitting the French language, in which the master of the horse was not much skilled, addressed him familiarly thus:—"Why, Bill, what a d—d stupid fellow you are, and always were!" T. R. H.

London (Old) Sporting Magazine for 1836.

Summary.

Unpublished Dramas in the Buckeye State.—A writer in the Miami of the Lake, published at Perrysburg, Ohio, offers for sale on "liberal terms," a superb manuscript Tragedy, entitled "Mortimer the Nonsuch, or the Ambitious Skipper."

"It extends to the length of two thirds of an act; its author is the great Unknown and Unsought for." This tragedy is indebted for its name to one of the greatest, sublimest, and most incomprehensible geniuses of the nineteenth century. Its diction is Hexameter verse, and the scene is laid in Toledo, an ancient city of Spain. The hero is the only character in the work. The hero after being bamboozled and rowed up Salt River, holds forth, relative to his treatment, thus:—

Ambition! Yes—on that heavenly shrine
I'll plant the standard of my fame,
And from her towering battlements,
I'll blazon to the world a name:
A name that Forrest shall revere,
And know I am a clipper—
Yes! there is a terror in that name,
George Mortimerus Skipper.

Address the Great Unknown and Unsought for, No. 9, Codfish Street, corner of Sturgeon-Square.—Terms *easy*.

Stealing Dog's Tails.—The singular bounty offered in Sydney, New Holland, for killing dogs, by producing in evidence their tails, has led to the practice among the loafers of that convict colony, to curtail the appendages of all the animals of this species running abroad, as a more brief way of reaching the reward in question. The municipal government now wisely require the carcase also to be produced.

Keep your tongue from Evil Speaking.—A merchant of Petersburg, Virginia, has been mulcted in the sum of five thousand dollars, for slanderous words spoken by his wife, of and concerning another lady, the daughter of the plaintiff. The trial occupied the court eight days. Forty witnesses were examined, and five eminent lawyers were employed as counsel. The costs and counsel fees will no doubt amount to at least two thousand dollars more, making $7000 to be paid by Mr. M. for his lady's too much latitude of speech.

D'Israeli.—N. P. Willis since his return to America, is publishing in the New York Mirror a series of interesting and beautifully written "Loiterings of Travel" abroad. In a late number, he represents himself standing on the railing of the Park, gazing at the world of passing vehicles, and noting in his memory the impressions made on his mind by their occupants. Among them, but hardly *of* them, is the author of Vivian Gray, the Young Duke, and-so-forth; and thus is he sketched:—"Who follows? D'Israeli, alone in his cab; thoughtful, melancholy, disappointed in his political schemes, and undervaluing his literary success, and expressing, in his scholarlike and beautiful profile, as he passes us, both the thirst of his heart, and the satiety of his lips. The livery of his "tiger" is neglected, and, he drives like a man who has to choose between running and being run against, and takes that which leaves him the most leisure for reflection.—Poor d'Israeli! With a kind and generous heart, talents of the most brilliant order, and ambition which consumes his soul, and a father who expects every thing from his son; lost for the want of a tact common to understandings, fathoms deep below his own, and likely to drive in Hyde Park forty years hence, if he die not of the corrosion of disappointment, no more distinguished than now, and a thousand times more melancholy."

A splendid carriage, recently built for General Jackson, by Messrs. Knowles & Thayer, of Amherst, Massachusetts, was destroyed by fire, on the railroad between Philadelphia and Baltimore. A spark got under the tarpaulin with which it was covered, and set fire to the straw &c. in which it was enveloped.

The Clear Grit.—Young Durivage, the comic actor, writes and speaks as good Yankee as any man on the stage. He headed his benefit bill at Bangor, with the following *cute* phrase:—

"*Our folks wa't to know, if your folks 'll come down to-night to see our folks, and fetch your folks along? All the fellers must put on their yellerest vests and stiffest shirt collars, and fetch all the galls, and I'll bet a hunk of gingerbread agin a gob of 'lasses candy that you'll have a bunkum time!*"

The imbecility of Royalty.—The king of Saxony, lately deceased, became a bigot at the close of his life, so that he imagined he could not be saved unless he made a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. He accordingly, under a species of religious lunacy, commenced going around his park on his knees, until he came to the imaginary tomb of Christ—the result of which peregrinations, during several months, proved no less destructive to his inexpressibles than ludicrous and pitiable in the eyes of his attendants.

The reason why.—Almost every thing consumed in a family, now commands an exhorbitant prices, except cream, of which, by the way, there is none. Inquiring of our milkman the reason of its scarcity, he satisfied our query by saying that 'milk has riz so tarnal high that cream cant reach the top!'

It appears that when a thief is taken to the Old Bailey, his companions say he is gone to "smell rue," rue being used in the Court as a disinfectant. This smelling rue, however, is a fate which is not likely to be confined to the thieves of Old Bailey; we think the Tories will soon be made to "smell rue," by the people resolutely refusing to continue their support of corruption. The face of many of our Tory policemen and sinecurists already look very "rueful."

Green, the æronaut, talks of visiting Dublin, with the view of making balloon ascents in that quarter. He has received a promise of patronage from the Castle. "From the encouragement lately given to Kean and other young dramatists in Ireland," says the *Herald*, "Mr. Green has good ground to hope for a profitable reception, if he makes up his mind to *star* it in that country.

An unfortunate man fell into a vat of boiling vinegar on Thursday, at a manufactory, in the Vauxhall-road. We are sorry to say that the poor fellow, though necessarily "pickled," was not "preserved" on this occasion; for on being taken out, he died soon afterwards.

A Thief with a Conscience.—On Sunday se'nnight a thief forcibly entered the premises of a spirit-dealer, in the West-end of the town, and, with a conscientiousness not very peculiar to his class, helped himself to £50 only from a parcel of £100! The remaining £50 were found carefully deposited in the spot from which they had been taken in the desk, which had also been broken open.

An Ex-Queen.—Caroline Bonaparte, (and not her sister Pauline, as has been erroneously stated,) the widow of Murat, "He of the snow white plume," and once King of Napies, has been permitted by the French Government to re-enter France, notwithstanding the decree which proscribes each member of the Bonaparte family. Her object in visiting Paris is to sell some property. When Murat received his death-shot, her portrait was found in his right hand.

The Bangor Farmer describes the dress of a lady there during a November rain storm, when mud is ancle deep, thus—

"A fur cape, a boa twisted four times round her neck, *silk stockings and French kid slippers.*

Specie becoming plenty.—The editor of the Methuen Gazette has *seen* a silver twenty-cent piece, within a day or two Boston Post

The thieves of London have as many symbolic modes of communication as the Eastern damsels with their loves. When one of the fraternity is condemned, and wishes to let his companions know that he has 'died game,' or not made any confession that might implicate an accomplice, he pulls from his pocket a red handkerchief which he carries in his hand as a signal to them that they need fear nothing from his disclosures. In Devonshire, England, a murderer named Oliver was executed for killing a Mr. May. The last thing he did on ascending the scaffold was to draw forth a red handkerchief, which he held in his hand until the fatal moment arrived. This seemed to give great satisfaction to some suspicious females who attended his execution.

A lively authoress says—"A walk by moonlight is a very pleasant thing with a lover, and a lover, too, just beginning to bud into one. A budding lover is a much pleasanter thing than a full blown one very often—there is so much trouble attendant upon the latter sort."

Origin of Private Boxes.—During the C. P. war the number of private boxes was reckoned a great source of grievance. Incledon attempted to defend their existence, but failing in his argument, he at last exclaimed, "My dear boy, d—n me, antiquity, Sir, antiquity; there have been private boxes these three thousand years."—"Where? when?" burst simultaneously from all the company. "At the deluge, Sir, when, to the exclusion of the public, Noah, d—n me, had a private box for himself and family."

Records of a Stage Veteran, from the London New Monthly Mag

Lord Norbury being informed that justice Day—a day on the decline—was going to be married, exclaimed, "Ah! he's a *Day* after the *fair*.

The same justice Day was proverbial for his vigilance and activity. "By the powers!" was a noted thief heard to exclaim, "it's all up with us now, for all that we get by night we loose by *Day*."

LEVIATHAN, LAPDOG, GLENCOE, AND St. GILES.

James Jackson & Co.'s Imported Stallions will Stand at the following places and prices for the sext season, of 1837.

Imported Leviathan, at the stable of Col. Geo. Elliott, Gallatin, Tenn. at $100.
" *Lapdog* will also stand at the same stable, $50.
" *Glencoe*, at the stable of James Jackson, Florence, Ala., $100.
" *St. Giles*, for the ensuing season, will be withdrawn. [n19.]

THOROUGH-BRED HORSES FOR SALE.

The following thorough-bred horses, belonging to the estate of the late Bela Badger, of Bucks County, Pennsylvania, are offered for sale, viz.:—

John Richards, Valentine, (Imported),
Flying Dutchman, Chifney,
Priam.

The four first-named horses are at Gen. John Falkner's, Gerrard County, Kentucky. Priam is in Preble County, Ohio.

The terms of payment (good security being given) will be made easy to purchasers.

Applications may be made to S. Badger, (Ex. to the estate of Bela Badger,) Philadelphia, Pa., or to JOSEPH H. HELLINGS, Lexington, Ky.
Nov. 7, 1836. [n12-6t.]

ZINGANEE, IVANHOE, AND HANSLAP.

The Subscriber is desirous of farming out, for one year or more, the following celebrated racing stallions, so well known on the turf as the winners of never fading laurels:—

Zinganee is a deep bay, 9 years old. by Sir Archie, dam by Imp. Chance; black mane and tail, five feet three inches high, and in fine condition.

Hanslap is a rich bay, five feet seven inches high, by Washington, dam by Sir Archie; one of the fleetest and stoutest race nags on the turf; now 7 years old.

Ivanhoe, a fine bay, with black legs, mane and tail, 13 years old, is own brother to Polly Hopkins, and a sure foal getter.

All three are from the best racing families, and "their connexions (on the turf,) are of the highest respectability." Application must be made before the 10th Jan. next, to
Nov. 5, 1836. JAMES S. GARRISON, Norfolk, Virginia.

A TRAINER WANTED.

Wanted, by a gentleman at Murfreesboro', Tenn., about August, 1837, a person capable of taking the management and training of a stable of horses, to whom a liberal salary will be given, with every encouragement. Apply to JOHN HOLMES.
o15. Murfreesboro', Tenn.

BLOODED STOCK FOR SALE.

No. 1. bay mare, *Lady of the Lake*, 24 years old, by Imp. Sir Harry, dam by Imp. Diomed, grandam, by Imp. St. George, g g dam by Imp. Fearnought, g g g dam by Imp. Jolly Roger, out of an Imported mare, now stinted and in foal to Imp. Leviathan.

No. 2. Ch. m. *Charlotte Hamilton*, 10 years old, by Sir Charles, dam No. 1—stinted and in foal to Imp. Leviathan.

No. 3. B. m. *Molly Seagrim*, by Randolph, 6 yrs. (by Tenn. Oscar, out of his full sister) her dam No. 1.

No. 4. G. c. *Daniel O'Connell*, 4 yrs. old, by Sir Henry Tonson, dam No. 1.

No. 5. Ch. f. *Jenny Deans*, 3 years old, by Pizarro, (by Old Pacolet, dam by Florizel, grandam by Grey Diomed, &c.) dam No. 2, stinted to Leviathan.

No. 6. B. f. *Cockahanna*, by Cock of the Rock, dam No. 2, now in a Sweepstakes to be run at Gallatin, the fall of 1839, two mile heats, 13 entries at $100 each, and closed.

The above are of the best blood and shape, and are for sale; application to be made to
[n12] G. W. PARKER, Gallatin, Tenn

TO SPORTSMEN.

Robt. A. Reed, 76 Chatham-street, New-York, manufactures and repairs all descriptions of Guns, Pistols, and all the variety of sporting apparatus, in the best possible manner.

R. A. R. has always on hand a great variety of Guns, Pistols, Cleaning Apparatus, Wad-cutters, Bullet-moulds, Nipple-wrenches, Powder-flasks and Horns, Shot-bags and Pouches, Lock-vices, Game-bags, &c. &c., all of which he warrants of the best quality and at moderate prices. Buys and exchanges new and second-hand Guns, Pistols, and all articles connected with his business.

R. A. Reed takes the present opportunity of returning his thanks to the public for the patronage so liberally bestowed upon him since his commencement in business, and assures them that no exertion shall be wanting to retain its present and deserve its future favors.
R. A. REED, 76 Chatham-street.

N.B. A large assortment of *Ducking Guns*, suitable for the present season. feb 20

J. T. GOSDEN,

Principal Flute of the Park Theatre, and late of the Baltimore orchestras, continues to give instruction on the above instrument, and the piano forte.
Terms may be known at his residence, No. 6 Ann street, near Broadway. [n26.]

FOR SALE.

A chesnut mare, 7 years old last spring, got by the celebrated race horse Contention, out of the dam of the unequalled Fanny Wyatt, by Sir Hal—she out of a Bedford, and she out of Old Agnes. Stinted to Gohanna last season—very handsome, and has two beautiful colts. Price $1000 for the said mare. Apply to J. B. Kendall, Baltimore.
[n26-4t.] WILLIAM WYNN.

TO THE SPORTING AND FASHIONABLE WORLD.

William F. Griffin & Co. would respectfully inform their Friends and the Public, and Gentlemen from the South and West, that they have taken the Store formerly occupied by Mr. Thomas Richards & Morrell, No. 240 Pearl St. corner of Burling Slip, where they would respectfully invite the attention of gentlemen purchasing Clocks and Watches as they have received and are continually receiving Invoices of First rate watches consisting of London Duplex, Lever, Lepine, and Verge Watches. Some of their Watches having Independent Second Hands with the stop Work arranged out side of the case are allowed by the best Judges to be the most correct article ever introduced for *marking time*. Gentlemen desirous of purchasing any of the above articles are requested to give us a call as our prices will be found most satisfactory. These Watches being chiefly of our own importation we are enabled to sell them as low as any other establishment in the city. Gentlemen are requested to call and inspect the New Assortment, which for Quality and Price are equal, if not superior to any in the City.

D. L. P. WAILEY, SIGN PAINTER.

At A. B. Smith's Clock Establishment, No. 7 1-2 Bowery. N.B. Church Clock Dials painted in a superior manner. s6.

SAM JONES, FISHERMAN, LONG ISLAND SOUND,

Keeps constantly on hand a large assortment of Fish, such as Porgyes, Moss Bankers, Lamper Eels, Sheep Heads, Crabs, Clams, Lobsters, Tom Cods, Killeys, Porpoises, Whales, Grampusses, Albany Beef, Flying Squirrels, Pollygrews, Land Crabs, Sea Horses, Rhinoceroses, Aligators, Shrimps, Bull Heads, Toads, Mackerel, Snapping Turtles, Sharks, Swellers, Toad Fish, Shad, Oysters, Carolina Potatoes, Sea Bass, Flounders, Lunar Bats and Dock Rats, with various other Water Fowls too numerous to mention!!!

N.B. A large quantity of Sea Serpents, just from Cape Cod, to be disposed of, will be sent to any part of the city free of expense!!!!

Enquire of A. W. V. & Co., Jackson Ferry, East River.
Ward's Island, Aug. 27, 1836. a 27.

AMERICAN LUNCH.

This establishment was opened in February last, and the patronage extended to it calls forth the warmest acknowledgments of the undersigned. He would, at the same time, assure his friends and the public generally, that no effort shall be wanting on his part, to secure to them, at all times, the best the market affords; and he respectfully solicits a continuance of the same liberal patronage. S. T. EDWARDS.

NEW ARRANGEMENT.

New Haven and Hartford Steamboat Line, Daily.—One of the New-Haven Steamboats, until further notice, will leave pier No. 23, foot of Beekman-street, for New-Haven, daily, Sundays excepted, at 7 o'clock, A. M., and at 4 o'clock, P. M., on Saturdays, and one of said boats will leave New-Haven on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays and Fridays, at 12 o'clock, M., and on Saturdays at 6 o'clock, A. M., and at 2 o'clock, P. M.—By this arrangement there will be two boats from each place on Saturdays, viz.: one in the morning and one in the afternoon.

Excellent Post Coaches are always in readiness on arrival of the boats at New-Haven, to convey passengers to Hartford, Providence and Boston. Also, to Lichfield, via Waterbury daily, and via Woodbury on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. For further information respecting freight and passage, inquire of JOHN SAXTON, 114 South-street. feb 20

A CARD.

W. Fuller respectfully informs his subscribers and the public in general, that both Gymnasiums, 205 Green-street, near Bleecker-street, and 333 Broadway, corner of Anthony-street, have re-opened for the season.—"Bodily exercise strengthens, and a sedentary life weakens the constitution; therefore it is necessary to keep up the balance between body and mind."—Spurzheim.

Sparring and Fencing taught as usual, upon the most approved principles. s3.

TO TURFMEN AND BREEDERS.

Shortly will be published Three Genealogical Tables of Thorough bred ENGLISH STALLIONS, showing, at a glance, the line of blood of every entire horse which has got coverers descended from the three great sources of the race-horse—viz., the *Darley Arabian*, the *Godolphin Arabian*, and the *Byerly Turk*. The tables are compiled by W. Ruff, Turf Reporter to the London Papers and Bell's Life in London, from those of M. Lunen, drawn by order of the Emperor of Russia, and are published under the patronage of the most influential members of the Jockey Club; they will be neatly lithographed and may be had either on a plain sheet, or on rollers to hang up as a map. Orders received at the office of the N. Y. Spirit of the Times. a 13.

TO TURFMEN.

A young man recently arrived from Europe, of light weight, and possessing some experience, is desirous of exhibiting himself on the American Turf, and hereby offers his services to any gentleman having a strong horse to ride at the approaching races. The advertiser having rode with success for some of the first sporting characters in Europe, flatters himself that he will be able to give satisfactory references to any gentleman who may be pleased to notice this advertisement, being both strong and light in weight. Trotting matches, Sweepstakes and single matches attended. Address J. C. G. at the office of the Spirit of the Times, 157 Broadway. may 14

P. S.—The advertiser, if desired will also train either race or trotting horses.

DISSOLUTION.

The firm of SACKETT & BRANCH, Printers, was dissolved on the 1st inst. All persons having demands against the firm will present them to the subscriber.
New York, Oct. 6, 1836. ISRAEL SACKETT

MUSIC! MUSIC!! MUSIC!!!

Atwill's Music Saloon, 201 Broadway, below St. Paul's Church.—Purchasers of Music can at all times find at this establishment the largest and most valuable assortment in the city. The collection of music comprises the publications of all the music stores of Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and this city, consisting of new and admired Songs, Marches, and Waltzes, all the most popular Variations. Rondos, Concertos, Duetts, &c. for the Piano, Guitar and Violin.

Foreign publications of music regularly received from Europe by the packets.

Instruction Books, Scales and Gamuts, for every instrument, including the Accordion.

Purchasers will find the counter covered with all the newest and most favorite Songs and Pieces: also books of the same, bound for the convenience of persons leaving the city.

In addition to the assortment of music, are all the various works on the science and composition of music, by Burrows, Catell, Calcutt, Mason, &c.

The price of music, as sold at this establishment, is as low (if not cheaper) as at the other shops about town.

Seminaries, Music Dealers, and Artists of the profession supplied on the most reasonable terms. Orders from every part of the United States, or elsewhere, attended to with the greatest care and despatch.

JOSEPH F. ATWILL, Music Saloon.
jy 22. 201 Broadway, near St. Paul's Church.

HARVEY BURDELL, M. D.

Office, No. 67 Chambers-street, near Broadway. july 2

A CARD.

Wm. A. Colman, No. 205 Broadway, New York, having fitted up at much expense, this building, for the display of his extensive assortment of fine Books and splendid Engravings, and for the purpose of selling Oil Paintings by Modern as well as Ancient Artists, which have merit to recommend them; takes this opportunity of offering to his friends and customers, his sincere acknowledgments for their liberal patronage for years past, and also to solicit their continuance at his new store, which will be found an agreeable resort for the purchase of rare and valuable Books, new Publications, Oil Paintings, and Highly Colored Engravings, many of which are expressly got up for his establishment, by one of the first houses in London and in Paris. He holds out no other inducement, in comparison with other similar stores, than a large assortment of the best articles which can be obtained, and to sell them at a fair profit for ready money.

A Catalogue of his extensive stock will be prepared as soon as possible. jy 23.

NEW YORK, ALBANY & TROY STEAMBOAT LINE.

The ERIE,	Capt. J. Benson,	The CHAMPLAIN,	Capt. A. Gorham.
" ALBANY,	" J. G. Jenkins,	" NORTH AMERICA,	" G. Lathrop.
" OHIO,	" M. Bartholomew,	" DE WITT CLINTON,	S. R. Roe.
The ROBERT L. STEVENS,		J. P. Dean.	

One of the above named Boats will leave New York for Albany from the foot of Barclay street every morning at 7 o'clock, and from the foot of Courtland street every afternoon at 5 o'clock.

The morning and evening lines will receive passengers at the Old States Prison wharf.

All goods, freight, baggage, bank bills specie, or any other property taken, shipped, or put on board the boats of this line, must be at the risk of the owner sof such goods. freight, baggage &c.

PEDESTRIAN HOTEL.

The Subscriber, having purchased a large and commodious House in Killingworth, is now ready to receive company. Those wishing to visit the sea shore, may rest assured that this establishment, in all those matters which essentially concern the health, comfort and amusement of visiters, is not excelled by any other on the sea board.

Sea food, sea air, and bathing, can be obtained in as great variety as at any other place.

A good Pleasure Boat will be at all times in readiness for those who wish to divert themselves by sailing. There is also, within 100 rods of the house, prime fishing ground, where black fish are taken in great abundance.

The Steamboat *Maria* will stop at Killingworth, daily in her trips to and from New Haven and Norwich.

Excellent horses and carriages constantly in readiness for the comfort and accommodation of travellers and visiters.

The subscriber will spare no pains to render the stay of visiters pleasant and agreeable, by providing every thing that may contribute to their health, comfort and happiness.

HENRY STANNARD.
Killingworth, Con. June, 1836. june 25

SOUTHERN HOTEL.

The subscriber having leased that well known establishment 157 Broadway, (late Niblo's), begs to inform his friends and the public, that it is now undergoing thorough renovation in painting and furnishing throughout, and will be open for the accommodation of travellers and permanent boarders on the 14th inst. Having secured a very superior assortment of wines and liquors, and intending to conduct this establishment on the most approved and liberal plan, he trusts, by every attention, an excellent larder and able assistants, to merit a share of public patronage. [n12] EDWARD OTTEY, 157 Broadway.

J. T. GOSDEN,

Professor of the Flute, late of the Baltimore Theatre and Concerts, respectfully informs the citizens of New-York, that he has located himself in this city, for the purpose of giving instruction on the above instrument and the Piano Forte. He trusts that his long experience in the musical profession, and unwearied attention to his pupils, will be such as to entitle him to their patronage and support. For reference, as to his success as a teacher Mr. G. possesses testimonials from individuals of the highest standing in this country, in whose families he has taught for several years together, and given the greatest satisfaction. For address, apply at Messrs. Hewitt & Co.'s Music Store, and at Atwill's Music Saloon, Broadway. feb 20

INSTITUTION FOR THE CURE OF STAMMERING.

No. 40 Cortland Street. This Institution has been in operation in this city for the last eight months, during which a large number of persons from all parts of the country have attended it, and been effectually cured. It is no longer a matter of doubt, that any person, who has the organs of speech at all, may acquire the perfect use of them, by the application of this invaluable system. The time necessary to effect a cure being so short, and the terms so moderate, (from twenty-five to fifty dollars,) it is presumed that a cure is within the reach of all who require it. Persons wishing to attend the Institution, should apply soon, as it is the intention of the principal to close it early in the fall, for the purpose of going to the South.—Communications by letter, (post paid) will receive immediate attention. The following certificates are selected from a large number in the possession of the subscriber, and which may at any time be seen, some of them from persons of the first respectability in this city.

HENRY WELLS, Principal.

New-York, June 28, 1836.

This may certify, that the subscriber has been, for the last ten years, afflicted with an impediment in his speech. Having become a pupil of Mr. Wells in the city of New-York, and taken lessons for three weeks, he found relief, and can now read and speak with ease and fluency. His system is simple in its nature, and easy in its application, and I think will cure the most obstinate cases. W. F. CALDWELL.

Whitehall, N. Y., June 6, 1836.

Having been long afflicted with stammering to such a degree as to disqualify me for business, and to render it extremely difficult to make myself understood, I saw in the New-York Observer a notice of some astonishing cures in Mr. Wells' Institution, in New-York; by which I was induced to place myself under his instruction. Having spent three weeks with him in applying his system, (which is very simple,) I have now the pleasure of saying, that I can read and speak fluently and with perfect ease. CYRUS W. PRATT.

Lexington, Greene Co., June 8, 1836.

This may certify, that I have been afflicted with stammering for the last twenty years to such a degree, as to render it impossible for me to do business or take any part in conversation. About ten years since, I attended the Institution of Doctor Chapman, in the city of New-York for about six months; but without experiencing any permanent benefit. Hearing of Mr. Wells' Institution, I was induced to make one more effort to acquire the use of my speech. Having attended about six weeks, at three intervals, I am now able to read with perfect ease, and find no situation in which by the application of his rules, my organs of speech are not as much subject to my will as my hands or my feet. Indeed, I think no person need despair of immediate and lasting benefit, if they will acquire and apply this system. During the time I have been in his school, some thirty or forty pupils have attended; and none of them, so far as I know, without being cured. A wish to benefit those afflicted with this distressing malady, has induced me to make this statement.

ANDREW S. PERRY.
Reading, Ct., June 22, 1836. july 2 tf

FASHIONABLE HAT STORE.

Fashionable Hat Establishment and Manufactory.—Coupland & Co., 23 Bowery, east side, four doors south of Bayard street. Hats sold retail at wholesale prices, warranted of the very best materials and manufacture, to retain shape and color, in beaver, fur, and satin beaver; also, the admired Drab Hat; with Boys and Childrens' Hats of Black and Drab; Palm Leaf do. and Caps; with every article in the line. Country merchants would find it advantageous to purchase here at satisfactory and accommodating terms. jy 23.

Perry's Coffee House, *Buffalo*, New-York.
feb 20 J. H. PERRY.

SKINNER'S ENGLISH STUD BOOK.

The Subscriber having sold to Mr. Gideon B. Smith, all his interest in Skinner's edition of the English and American Stud Book, all persons indebted for the said book will please pay the same to Mr. Smith, and all persons having any of said books in their possession for sale, will account for the same to him. Those persons who have paid for the book and not received it, will please apply for it to Mr. Smith, or give him directions how to send it to them. J. S. SKINNER.

Baltimore, July 25, 1836.

N.B. Having no further interest in the work, I can the more readily recommend it to all owners of thoroughbred horses. It contains the whole of the English Stud Book in three volumes, which it costs $25 to import, with the pedigrees of the most distinguished stallions and mares, to which may be traced the present stock of American horses. J. S. S.

The subscriber is desirous of closing the sales of Skinner's edition of the English Stud Book as soon as possible; he therefore requests all persons that want it to apply immediately by letter or otherwise. Copies are deposited at Charleston and Columbia, S. C., Savannah and Augusta, Geo., Louisville, Ken., Fayetville, Tenn., and at the Messrs. Carvills, at New York, so that any person in any of those sections of the country, can apply to me for a copy and I will give them an order for it. They are also for sale at the office of the Turf Register in Baltimore. When they are sent by mail the postage is $4,08. The money ($10 a copy should in all cases accompany the order.

The edition is very limited and not likely ever to be re-printed.
a 6. GIDEON B. SMITH, Turf Reg. office, Balt.

PEALE'S MUSEUM.

Great attraction! for a short time, at PEALE'S MUSEUM, Broadway, opposite the City Hall. Every evening the performance will commence at half past 7 o'clock, with a pleasing and entertaining Exhibition of

Fantoccini, or Mechanical Theatre of Automaton Figures.—They perform the most curious and surpassing feats of agility, and difficult movements of the human body, with great accuracy—all accomplished by mechanical means. They keep time with music, and have all the appearance of living beings. The following figures are occasionally diversified with others. These are the same figures that performed at Vauxhall Gardens, London, with great applause.

1. Girl, that pronounces the words Mamma and Pappa. 2. Clown, that pronounces the French words Oh La, La, moving his eyes, mouth, &c. 2. Slack Rope Dancer, performing a great variety of difficult motions. 4. Indian Juggler, that throws golden balls with surprising dexterity and skill. 5. Chair Balancer, who performs many curious feats with two chairs. 6. Pat with his Shillalah, just arrived. 7. Ben the Sailor, who dances a hornpipe, takes off his hat, &c. 8. Wreath Dance, by a young lady and gentleman. 9. Mr. Frog and his Son who perform a most extraordinary Dance. 10. Joe Grimaldi the Clown, whose curious grimaces and figure, never fails to gratify. He encounters the attack of a Dog, &c. 11. Mrs. Shipton smokes her pipe with all the good humor and grace imaginable. 12. A long and strong pull, performed by an old Hog and several Boys. 13. A Turk, who is transmogrified into six Judges, &c. &c.

MAJOR STEVENS, the American Dwarf.

☞ Prepared Birds and Bird Skins, kept constantly on hand, and for sale.

Admittance 25 cts. Children half price. feb. 20

NOTICE.

The Subscriber has for the present taken the store 55 Gold-street. A small part only of his Stereotype Plates having been destroyed by the late fire, he will be enabled to furnish a full supply of his publications in a short time.

He has now on hand some of each of the following works:—

Hallocks Poems, Drakes do., Shakspeare, 2 vols. 8vo., do. 6 vols. Crown, 8vo., Byron, 1 vol. 8 vo., do. 6 vols. Crown, do., Johnson's Works, 2 vols. 8 vo., Boswell's Johnson, 2 do., Rollin's Ancient History, 2 vols. do., Burke's Works, 3 vols. Crown, 8 vo., Dryden's Works, 2 vols. do., Notices of the War of 1812, Life on the Lakes, 2 vols. 12 mo., Memoirs of an American Lady.

GEO. PEARSON
a 6-6t.

RACES AND MATCHES TO COME.

BALTIMORE, Md. - - - Match, $6000 aside, *Decatur*, vs. *Carroll*, 2d day of Spring meeting, 1837.
CHARLESTON, S. C. - Jockey Club, Annual meeting, Washington Course, Monday, 20th Feb.
COLUMBIA, S. C. - - - Jockey Club, Annual meeting, 1st Tuesday, 5th Jan.
FRANKLIN, La. - - - - Match, Four mile heats, $1,000 aside; *Star of the West* vs. *Mexican*, Attakapas Course, 1st day of Spring Meeting, 1837.
LOWNDES Co. Ala. - - Benton Course, Annual Jockey Club meeting, 3d Monday, 19th Dec.
NEW YORK CITY. - - Jockey Club, Union Course, 1st Spring meeting, 1st Tuesday in May.
NATCHEZ, Miss. - - - Annual Jockey Club Spring meeting, 1st or 2d Wednesday in March.
" " Match, 4 m. h., $6,000 aside; *Talleyrand* vs. *Susan Yandell*, Feb. 27.
" " Match, 4 m. hts, $5000 aside; *John Minor*, vs. *Sally Hope*; Feb. 1837.
" " Match, Mile hts, $1000 aside; b. c. by Pacific, vs. b. c. by Longwaist; Feb.
" " Match, Mile hts, $2000 a side; f. br. to Naked Truth, vs. f. by Muley; Feb.
" " Match, $5000 a-side, h. ft., —— heats, *Antelope*, vs. *Jim Polk*, Feb. 1837.
" " Match, $2000 a-side, h. ft., 2 m. h., *Cassandra*, vs. *Margery Greer*, Feb.
" " Match, 4 m. h., $5000 aside, h. ft., *Hard Heart* vs. *Antelope*. Jan. 29, 1837.
NASHVILLE, Tenn. - - Match, — heats, $5,000 aside, produce of Bertrand and Eclipse, of Tenn., vs. produce of Leviathan and Marshal Ney, of Mississippi, Fall, 1838.
PHILADELPHIA, Pa. - Camden and Phila. Jockey Club Spring meeting, 4th Tuesday in May.
TREE HILL, Va. - - - Match, 2 m. heats, $2000 a-side, h. ft. *Kitty Minge*, by Timoleon, vs. *Virginia Timberlake*, by Sir Charles, 1st day of Spring meeting 1837.
TUSCALOOSA, Ala. - - Jockey Club, Annual meeting, 2d Wednesday, 14th Dec.
WASHINGTON CITY. - National Jockey Club Spring meeting, 1st Tuesday in May.

☞ Under this head, Secretaries of Clubs and Clerks of Courses throughout the country may have the dates of their respective meetings inserted, free of expence, in the N. YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES. For a great number of RACING, TROTTING, PEDESTRIAN, AQUATIC SHOOTING, and other MATCHES and CHALLENGES, at home and abroad, see previous numbers.

GREENSBOROUGH (Ala.) JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

Our special correspondent furnishes the annexed report of this meeting, which commenced on the 23d ult. The following gentlemen compose the Officers of the Club for 1836:—

WILLIAM ARMSTEAD, Esq., *President*.
Judges—Capt. JOHN BELL, and THOMAS H. DAVIES, Esqrs.
Timers—THOS. EWBANK LEEFE, and WM. BELL, Jr., Esqrs.
Treasurer—T. DUDER, Esq. *Secretary*, WM. BELL, Jr., Esq.

The Course is about four miles from Greensborough, located in a cotton field, and considering the short time had for preparation, was in decent order. In the back stretch there is a decided declivity, but the proprietor, Mr. ANDREWS, will have it in tip top condition by their next meeting. The weather was delightful and the Course numerously attended.

FIRST DAY, *Tuesday*, Nov. 23, 1836.—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, sub. $100, h. ft. Mile heats.

N. Davies' ch. c. *Authentic*, by Imp. Leviathan out of Timoura, by Timoleon ..... walked over.

SECOND DAY.—Purse $400; ent. $20. Two mile heats.

Dr. R. W. Withers' g. f. *Alice Gray*, by Pulaski, dam by Bellair, 4 yrs. 97 lbs	1	1
John B. Jones' b. f. *Young Betsey Malone*, by Leviathan, dam by Stockholder, 3 yrs. 83 lbs	2	2
J. T. Ashhurst's ch. f. *Acacia*, by Henry, dam by Marshal Duroc, 4 yrs. 100 lbs	3	3
Vance Johnson's g. m. *Forsaken filly*, by Jerry, dam by Stockholder, 5 yrs. 107 lbs	6	4
N. Davies' ch. c. *Palladium*, by Leviathan, dam by Sir Alfred, 4 yrs. 100 lbs	4	dis.
Hunter & Doziers' ch. f. *Lady Hayneville*, by Leviathan, dam by Pacolet, 4 yrs. 97 lbs	5	dis.

Time, 4:0—4:0.

This race excited much sensation, and the betting was pretty severe, the three Leviathans taken freely against the field; Alice entirely in the back ground.

At the time appointed they came on the ground eager for the contest; the pole was allotted to Alice Gray. At the tap on the drum they got off together, Alice leading, followed by Betsey and Acacia, the rest a few lengths behind in a cluster. In this heat the running was severe between Alice and Betsey, but the former won the heat by a length. Time, 4:0.

Second Heat.—The excitement was now at fever heat, 2 to 1 being bet that Alice would not take the purse. After two or three lengths they got away, Acacia leading, and Betsey second. Alice soon came up to them, and as quickly passed. It was "*a perfect case*," but Betsey again came into play, locked Alice, and again declined. Once more she "tried it on"—the struggle was severe, but Alice won the heat by a few inches, in 4:0.

THIRD DAY.—Purse $600. Ent. $35. Three mile heats.

John B. Jones' b. f. *Hortense*, by Pacific, dam by Wonder, 4 yrs. 97 lbs	1	1
Vance Johnson's b. f. *Betsey Rochleau*, by Arab, dam by Conqueror, 5 yrs. 107 lbs	2	2
John Crow's gr. h. *Washington*, by Washington, dam by Sir Archie, 5 yrs. 110 lbs	dis.	
Hunter and Dozier's b. f. *Moll Headray*, by Phenomena, dam by Gallatin, 4 yrs. 97 lbs	dis.	

Time, 5:55—5:53.

An immense crowd of anxious spectators, both from the Northern and Southern parts of Alabama, assembled to witness this trial of speed. Both Hortense and Betsey have been victors in several well contested fields. Betsey was the favorite, and freely taken. About one o'clock they appeared at the stand, and shortly after got away, Washington having the track, Betsey second, and Hortense third, who soon took up the running, beat them off, and won the heat with ease in 5.55.

Second heat. Betsey took the lead, and was soon locked by Hortense. This was beautifully contested, and afforded bang up sport; but the Pacific eventually threw Betsey off, (who was out of condition,) and won the heat by several lengths in 5:53.

FOURTH DAY.—Purse $300. Ent. $15 each, added. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

J. T. Ashhurst's b. g. *David Crockett*, by Falstaff, dam by Gallatin, 6 yrs. 115 lbs	1	1	1
John Crow's gr. h. *Washington*, by Washington, dam by Sir Archie, 5 yrs. 110 lbs	4	3	2
N. Davies' ch. c. *Authentic*, by Leviathan out of Timoura, by Timoleon, 3 yrs. 83 lbs	2	2	3
A. Able's b. h. *Pilgrim*, by Bertrand, dam by Doublehead, 4 yrs. 100 lbs	3	d's.	

Time, 1:56—1:56—1:54.

THEATRICAL.

PLAYS, OPERAS, and FARCES, No. 90 Division St, New York.—TURNER & FISHER import direct from London every Play, immediately on being issued from the press, with the utmost possible regularity and despatch, and keep always on hand the largest assortment of theatrical works in the country.

Managers of Theatres, Ladies and Gentlemen of the profession, Clubs, Amateurs, &c., will find it to their interest to call before seeking elsewhere, as the advertisers assure them that nothing in the play way can be purchased, but which will be found at their establishment, and which will be disposed of on the most accommodating terms.

Now publishing in numbers, "Turner's Dramatic Library of Acting Plays,"—the most popular pieces of the present day,—embracing,

Cumberland's British and Minor Drama; Duncomb's British Theatre; Miller's Modern Acting Drama; Strange's edition of Buckstone's Dramas, and Batty's Farces—complete sets always on sale.

Wholesale orders attended to with promptness.

New plays done up in strong wrappers, and sent to any part of the Union. [d17.]

MERCHANTS' HOTEL, CHARLESTON, S. C.

FORMERLY CONDUCTED BY Mr. MIOT, Society-street, Charleston, S. C.—DANIEL COOK, the present Proprietor of the above establishment, begs leave to inform its friends and the public generally, that he has connected himself with Mr. S. W. SHELTON, and solicits a continuance of the extensive patronage heretofore received.

This establishment, as is well known, is in every way calculated to render comfort both to the traveller and permanent boarder, and every exertion will be continued on the part of the proprietors, to accommodate those who may favor them with a call.

Mr. S. W. Shelton will give his personal attention to the entire management of the house.

D COOK.
S. W. SHELTON.

{d17-4t.}

MARGRAVE, winner of the Great Doncaster St. Leger in 1832.

THIS most celebrated English Racer, the best in the Kingdom of his age, for two years, has just arrived in Tennessee, from Virginia, where he made one season. Margrave was the best colt of his year, having won the great St. Leger, 73 subscribers; the Criterion Stakes, 36 subscribers; the Grand Duke Michael Stakes, 15 subscribers; the Gascoigne Stakes, 11 subscribers, and other races, running against the best horses, at Newmarket, Epsom, Doncaster, and the most fashionable courses. He won the St. Leger, and was able also to win the Derby, it is now known beyond a doubt, and no other horse has been able to win both these great stakes for the last 35 years. The English Sportsmen considered Margrave a racer of almost unequalled excellence, and place him in the same rank with Priam, Sultan, Flying Childers, &c. &c.

Margrave, when taken from the Turf, was farmed by that most judicious and successful breeder, Mr. Watt, who bred Lottery and Memnon, to serve his stud, and his colts are said to be very superior. After making two seasons there, he was purchased and imported into Virginia in the Fall of 1835. He has proved himself a sure foal-getter.

Margrave was got by Muley, sire of Vespa, (winner of the Oaks.) Muley Moloch, Leviathan, and other good runners at all distances—his dam was got by Election, winner of the Derby, and a capital 4 mile horse, and a favorite stallion—his grandam, Fair Helen, by Hamiltonian, the best racer of his day, and a very distinguished stallion, out of Helen, by Delpini—Rosalind by Phenomenon—Atalanta by Matchem—Lass of the Mill by Oroonoko—Traveller—Miss Makeless—Partner—Woodcock—Croft's Bay Barb—Makeless—Brimmer—Dickey Picason—Burton's Barb Mare. A rich, fashionable, and stout pedigree, and Margrave always run an honest and game horse while on the Turf.

Margrave is a dark chesnut, without white, sixteen hands high, with good action, large bone, great substance, immense power, and good constitution and temper.

He will cover the next season (1837) at Nashville. Terms and other particulars in due time.

THOS. ALDERSON.

Nashville, Dec. 1, 1836. [17-2t.]

STALLION STAKES FOR 1840.

THE UNDERSIGNED agrees to run two Sweepstakes Races in the Fall of 1840, with the get of Stallions from mares covered in 1836, for One Thousand Dollars each, P.P.; the first 2 miles *out*, carrying 110 lbs; the second, 2 mile *heats*, according to the rules &c., &c., to be run over the Nashville, Tennessee, Course; the first on Saturday preceding the regular Fall Meeting, the second on Saturday of said meeting. The get of *Leviathan* and *Eclipse* to carry 5 lbs. extra as approved stallions. To close on or before the 1st of January, 1837; five or more to make a race.

E. H. BOARDMAN enters get of Imp. CONSOL.
Huntsville, Ala., June 17, 1836. july 2
JAMES JACKSON & Co. enter the get of Imp. LEVIATHAN, on the terms proposed.
Nashville, Tenn. Aug. 10, 1836. Sept. 10.

NORTH ALABAMA SWEEPSTAKES.

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake race with colts and fillies, dropped in 1836, over the *North Alabama Race Course*, at Huntsville, on Monday of the Jockey Club Race week, the Fall meeting of 1838, one mile out; colts to carry 75lb., fillies allowed 2lb. Sub. $150, forfeit $100. To close and name to the Secretary of said Club, at Huntsville, on, or before 1st of January, 1837. Four or more to constitute a race.

1. E. H. Boardman | 2. John Blevins.

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake race with colts and fillies, dropped in 1835, over the North Alabama Race Course, at Huntsville, on Tuesday of Jockey Club Race week, the Fall meeting of 1839, Two mile heats; colts to carry 90lb., fillies and gelding allowed 3lb. Entrance $300, forfeit $100. To close and name to the Secretary of said Club at Huntsville, on or before 1st January, 1837. Five or more to constitute a race.

1. E. H. Boardman names ch. c. by St. Patrick, out of Delight, by Revenger.
2. James Jackson. 3. Samuel Ragland. 4. Wm. H. Gee. 5. John Blevins.

Huntsville, Nov. 10, 1836. [d3].

THE RAGLAND STAKES, FLORENCE, Ala.

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake race with colts and fillies, dropped in Spring, 1836, over the *Florence* (Ala.) *Course*. Mile heats, on first Wednesday in May, 1839. Sub. $100, h. ft. And to run the same colts and fillies, over the same Course, on Monday preceding the regular Jockey Club Races, a Sweepstake race, Two mile heats, $200 sub. h. ft. To be governed by the Rules of said Jockey Club. Four or more to make a race. Now closed.

1. Samuel Ragland names b. f. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Eliza Jones, by Timoleon.
2. James Jackson names ch. f. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Imp. Gallopade.
3. Nicholas Davies names b. c. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Kitty Clover, by Sir Charles.
4. E. H. Boardman names ch. c. by Actason, out of Imp. Design, by Tramp.
5. E. H. Boardman names ch. c. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Sally Bell, by Sir Archy.
6. H. B. Turner names the get of Whalebone, out of Betsey Baker, by Timoleon.
7. Nath. Terry enters the produce of Clear the Kitchen, by Imp. Leviathan.
8. W. H. Gee enters br. f. by Imp. Luzborough, out of Brunette, by Sir Hal.
9. John Blevins enters ch. f. by Wild Bill, out of Lady Huntsville, Sister to J. Bascomb.
10. Gee. Mason enters ch. c. by Malcomb, dam by Carolinian.
11. A. Whitlock enters the get of Imp. Luzborough, out of Virginius, by Cripple.
12. John Connally names b. f. by Editor, out of Molly Long, by Stockholder.
13. W. H. Gee enters b. f. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Kate Kensia, by Contention.
14. Jas. Kirkman names b. c. by Emilius, out of Eliza, by Rubens. [d3]

SWEEPSTAKES, NASHVILLE, Tenn.

WE, the Subscribers, do agree to run a Sweepstake race over the *Nashville* (Tenn.) *Course*, in the Fall of 1837, preceding the Jockey Club Fall Races, with colts and fillies, then two years old, the Spring preceding, One mile out, $100 entrance, p.p., agreeable to rule. To name and close by the 1st Jan. 1837.

1. John C. Beasley | 3. T. A. Pankey
2. Stokeley Donelson | 4. A. B. Newsam
5. Wm. H. Gee.

WE, the Subscribers, do agree to run a Sweepstake race over the *Nashville* (Tenn.) *Course*, on the first Monday in May, 1838, with colts and fillies, then three years old. Sub. $200, h. ft. Mile heats, agreeable to present rules of said Course. To name and close by the 1st of January, 1837.

1. Robt. L. Weakly enters Anacroras colt, by Pacific.
2. G. W. Williams enters gr. c. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Morgiana.
3. Stokeley Donelson. | 5. A. B. Newsam. | 7. T. A. Pankey.
4. A. J. Donelson. | 6. John C. Beasley. | 8. L. B. Cheatham.

WE, the Subscribers, do agree to run a Sweepstake race over the *Nashville* (Tenn.) *Course*, on the first Tuesday in May, 1839, with colts and fillies, then three years old. Mile heats, $200 entrance, h. ft., agreeable to the present rules of said Course. To name and close by 1st January, 1837.

1. John C. Beasley. | 3. T. A. Pankey. | 5. James Jackson.
2. Stokeley Donelson. | 4. Wm. H. Gee. | 6. L. P. Cheatham.
7. Arnold Russell. [d3]

SOUTH CAROLINA JOCKEY CLUB.

THE ANNUAL RACES over the Washington Course, near Charleston, S. C., will commence on Monday, the 20th Feb. 1837, with a Sweepstakes for colts and fillies, 3 years old, Two mile heats, entrance $300, h. ft. Closed with 5 subscribers, viz.: Col. Hampton, Col. Singleton, Col. Butler, J. G. Guignard, Esq., and W. Sinkler, Esq.

On Wednesday, the 22d.—Jockey Club Purse $1000. Four mile heats, free for horses of all ages.

On Thursday, the 23d.—Jockey Club Purse $600, Three mile heats, free for horses of all ages.

On Friday, the 24th.—Jockey Club Purse $400, Two mile heats. No horse allowed to star for this Purse that is not under 5 years.

On Saturday, the 25th.—Handicap Purse, Three mile heats.

In the week following the Citizens' Purse will be run for.

Besides the above Purses, the Club will also give $50 a day (the entrance money to be added) for a second race, Two mile heats, weights for age.

Charleston, S. C. Nov. 14, 1836. [n26-tnoj.] JOHN B. IRVING, Secretary

THE KENDALL COURSE RACES

WILL hereafter take place on the 3d week of May and October, instead of the 4th, as heretofore.

Sweepstakes now open to be run over the Kendall Course, near Baltimore.

1. A Sweepstakes for 3 year olds to run Spring meeting, 1837. Entrance $300, forfeit $100, now 5 subscribers; to name and close the 1st March next.

2. A Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, bred or owned in Maryland, and as far South as the Rappahannock, to run Spring meeting, 1837. Entrance $100, forfeit $50; three or more to make a race; to name and close 1st March next.

3. A Sweepstakes for colts and fillies then three years old, to run Spring, 1839. Entrance $1000, forfeit $250; now 12 subscribers; to name and close 1st January next.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. R. D. Shepherd enters produce of Priam, out of Moss Rose, by Tramp.
2. Col. Wm. L. White enters produce of Maid of Athens and Goliah.
3. Jas. B Kendall enters produce of Mary Randolph and Tranby.
4. Geo. Symms enters produce of Jemima Wilkinson and Monsieur Tonson.
5. Col. John Heth enters produce of Arietta and Shark.
6. Col. Jas. M. Seldon enters produce of Hotspur and Florida.
7. Thos. Pearsall enters produce of Gohanna and Gulnare.
8. Wm. Bosley has not named.
9. Col. Wm. R. Johnson, not named.
10. Wm. Williamson & J. P. Corbin, not named.
11. Col. Wm. Wynn enters produce of Flirtilla and Chateau Margeaux.
12. Also produce of Isabella and Eclipse.

In addition to the above, there are eight or ten more promised. Should this meet their eye, I hope it will put them in mind to make their entries in time. Gentlemen desirous of subscribing to the above Stakes, can do so, by addressing a letter to the subscriber, at Baltimore.

[n19-4w.] JAMES B. KENDALL, Proprietor.

SWEEPSTAKES, CAMDEN, S. C.

THE following Sweepstakes to be run over this Course, and open until the 1st Feb. next. Entries to be made with the Secretary.

1st. On the day preceding the races in 1837, for three year old colts and fillies, $100 entrance, h. ft., Mile heats, to which there are 4 subs.

2d. On the day preceding the races in 1838, for three year old colts and fillies, $200 entrance, h. ft., Two mile heats; 4 subs.

3d. On the day preceding the races in 1839, for three year old colts and fillies, $100 entrance, h. ft., Mile heats; 5 subs.

4th. On the day preceding the races in 1840, for 3 year old colts and fillies, $200 entrance, Two mile heats; 7 subs.: 3lb. allowed fillies in each race. [d3]

WASHINGTON NATIONAL J. C. RACES, SPRING, 1837,

WILL commence the 1st Tuesday in May. There is now open a post sweepstake for 4 year olds, spring, 1837, three mile heats, entrance $500, forfeit $200. To close the 10th April. The horse to be named at the starting post—now two subscribers. Particulars will hereafter be given. [n5-4t.] JAMES S. GARRISON, Proprietor.

CAMDEN AND PHILADELPHIA SPRING RACES, 1837,

WILL commence on the fourth Tuesday in May next. A Sweepstakes for colts and fillies then 3 years old, is now open over that course, one mile heats, entrance $500, forfeit $200. To close on 1st Jan. 1837—now seven subscribers. Entries can be described by letter, addressed to W. J. Leiper, Secretary to the Club, or to the subscriber, at Philadelphia. Entries made by mail must be post-marked the day previous to the closing of the stake.

[n5.] WM. N. FRIEND, Proprietor.

TROTTING SWEEPSTAKES.

THE following sweepstakes are open to come off over the *Hunting Park Trotting Course*, Philadelphia, Spring meeting, 1837, viz.:—

1. Sweepstake, Three mile heats under the saddle, sub $1000, h. ft., with $500 added by the Proprietor, three or more to make a race. To close by the first of March, 1837.

2. Sweepstake to come off the subsequent day to the race named above, sub. $500, h. ft., with $200 added by the Proprietor. Two mile heats, under the saddle, 3 or more to make a race. To close by the 1st of March, 1837.

Philadelphia, Nov. 28, 1836. [d3] JAMES BROWN, Proprietor.

UNION COURSE, LONG ISLAND.

THE FOLLOWING STAKES AND MATCHES to be run over the *Union Course*. All the *Sweepstakes* now open will close the first of January, 1837.

By reference to the annexed, subscribers will know their nominations, where closed—and have an opportunity of naming or changing such as are still open to the 1st of January. Any gentleman wishing to make a nomination to any stake marked "*open*" on the list, will please address the undersigned before the 1st of January, 1837.

ALEX. L. BOTTS, Jamaica, New York.

SPRING, 1837.

Match, mile heats, two weeks before the 1st Spring meeting, 1837, between Mr. John C. Stevens' Henry colt, out of Janette, and Capt. Stockton's colt, by Sir Charles, out of Powancey.

First Meeting, Spring 1837, for 3 year olds, mile heats. Entrance $300, forfeit $100, and closed.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Robert Tillotson names ——, by Henry, out of the dam of Medoc.
2. R. L. Stevens names produce of Betsy Ransom, by Henry.
3. Do. names produce of Polly Hopkins, by Nullifier.
4. A. P. Hamlin names produce of Empress, by Eclipse.
5. Do. names produce of Ostrich, by Andrew.
6. John C. Stevens names produce of Janette, by Henry.
7. Do. names produce of Romp, by Henry.
8. R. F. Stockton names produce of Powancey, by Sir Charles.
9. Do. names produce of Monmouth's dam, by Dashall.
10. Wm. Gibbons names Shadow, by Eclipse Lightfoot, dam Sally Slouch.
11. I. S. Snedecor names c. by Andrew, dam Vandeveer's Pacolet mare.
12. Wm. Jones names produce, a Lovell colt out of Eleanor.
13. T. Pearsall names produce, a colt by Flying Childers, dam Gulnare.
14. A. L. Botts names s. f. by Eclipse, dam Phillis, full sister to Gohanna.
15. John C. Craig names produce of Betsey Archer, by Sir Charles.
16. John Drew names produce "Cornelia," by Andrew, dam Filho mare.
17. Samuel Laird names s. f. Betsey Andrew, by Andrew, dam Farmer's Damsel.
18. Robt. L. Stevens names produce of Lalla Rookh, by Henry.

OPEN.

Second Meeting, Spring, 1837.—Mile heats, for 3 year olds. Entrance $1000, forfeit $250, 4 or more to make a race. To close 1st of January, 1837

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Wade Hampton. | 3. Robert Tillotson.
2. J. C. Stevens. | 4. Robt. L. Stevens.

OPEN.

Second Meeting, Spring, 1837.—Two mile heats, for 4 year olds. Entrance $1000, forfeit $250, four or more to make a race, and close the 1st of January, 1837.

1. Wade Hampton names full sister to Trifle.
2. John C. Stevens names Dosoris, by Henry, out of Goliah's dam.

FALL, 1837.

First Meeting, Fall, 1837.—Two mile heats, for 3 year olds. Entrance $300, forfeit $100, and closed.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. A. P. Hamlin names produce of Ostrich and Andrew.
2. Robt. L. Stevens names produce of Lalla Rookh and Henry.
3. J. Bathgate names produce of a Henry mare and Autocrat.
4. John C. Stevens names produce of Janette and Henry.
5. Also " " " of Romp and Henry.
6. Robt. Tillotson names produce of Medoc's dam and Henry.
7. R. F. Stockton names produce of Powancey and Sir Charles.
8. G. T. Wilson names produce of Miss Fisher and Andrew.
9. A. L. Botts names produce of Phillis and Eclipse.
10. T. Pearsall names produce of Gulnare and Childers.
11. Robt. L. Stevens names produce of Polly Hopkins and Nullifier.

OPEN.

Sweepstakes, Fall, 1837, Two mile heats, for 3 year olds. Entrance $300, forfeit $100, to close 1st of January, 1837.

SPRING, 1838.

OPEN.

Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, mile heats. Entrance, $300, forfeit $100; to close 1st of January, 1837.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. J. H. Vanmater names produce of Helen Mar and Eclipse.
2. Also produce of Oscar mare and Monmouth Eclipse.
3. John C. Stevens names produce of Goliah's dam and Eclipse.
4. Also produce of Janette and Eclipse.
5. James Cooke names s. c. Crickett, by Henry, dam by Eclipse.
6. W. Livingston names produce of Jemima and Eclipse.
7. Also produce of Medora and Eclipse.
8. J. Vansicler names produce of Lady Richmond and Eclipse.

OPEN.

Spring, 1838.—Sweepstakes, Mile heats. Entrance $200, forfeit $50. To close 1st of January, 1837.

1. J. Vansicler names produce of Rotten Apples, by Simon.

Produce Sweepstakes for Spring, 1838, Mile heats. Entrance $1000, forfeit $250, and closed.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. W. Livingston names produce of Medora, by Eclipse.
2. Also produce of Jemima, by Eclipse.
3. R. Tillotson names produce of Medoc's dam, by Eclipse.
4. John C. Stevens names produce of Janette, by Eclipse.
5. J. H. Wilkes names produce of Betsey Richards, by Eclipse.
6. R. L. Stevens names produce of Celeste, by Eclipse.
7. S. Gouverneur names produce of Polly Jones, by Eclipse.
8. R. F. Stockton names produce of Miss Mattie, by Eclipse.
9. Also produce of Charlotte Pace, by Eclipse.
10. Wm. R. Johnson names produce of Reality, by Eclipse.
11. John C. Craig names produce of Bonnets of Blue, by Eclipse.
12. Also produce of Kate Kearney, by Eclipse.
13. S. Ringgold names produce of Arietta, by Eclipse or Medley.
14. John Heth names produce of Screamer, by Luzborough.
15. Also produce of Annette, by Goliah.
16. W. Wynn names produce of Flirtilla, by Luzborough.
17. Also produce of Isabella, by Luzborough.
18. A. L. Botts names produce of Phillis, full sister to Gohanna, by Goliah.
19. Wm. H. Minge names produce of dam of Mazeppa, by May Day.
20. Robt. Randolph names produce of Minge's Bluster mare, by Forty Four.
21. W. R. Johnson names produce of dam of Charles Kemble, by Andrew.
22. Wm. Coleman names produce of dam of Trifle, by Andrew.
23. J. M. Botts names produce of dam of Rosalie Somers, by Gohanna.
24. Also produce of dam of Rolla, by Gohanna.
25. Robt. Tillotson names produce of Bedford mare, by Eclipse.
26. I. S. Snedecor names produce of Blank, by Eclipse.
27. John C. Stevens names produce of Romp, by Henry.
28. James S. Garrison names produce of Lady La Grange, by Luzborough.
29. Also produce of Sally Hope, by Sarpedon.
30. Also produce of dam of Zimanee, by Ivanhoe.
31. Wm. Jones names produce of Dove, by (imported) Roman.
32. Jas. M. Selden names produce of dam of Bachelor, by Sussex.
33. A. B. Meade names produce of Green's Filho mare, by Eclipse.
34. Samuel Laird names produce of Farmer's Damsel, by Henry.
35. Also produce of Lady Hamlet, by Eclipse.
36. John C. Stevens names produce of Goliah's dam, by Eclipse.
37. Also produce of Lady Jackson, by Henry.
38. John C. Craig names produce of Betsey Archer, by Medley.
39. J. H. Oliver names produce of Patsey Calbert, by Tonson.
40. J. H. Wilkes names produce of Saluda, by Eclipse.
41. Robt. L. Stevens names produce of Lalla Rookh, by Henry.
42. J. R. Snedecor names produce of Grasshopper, by Eclipse.
43. John C. Stevens names produce of English mare Isabel, by Eclipse.
44. D. W. Jones names produce of Princess, by Eclipse.

FALL, 1838.

OPEN.

Sweepstakes, Two mile heats, for 3 year olds. Entrance $300, forfeit $100. To close 1st of January, 1837.

OPEN.

Sweepstakes, Two mile heats, for 3 yr. olds. Entrance $200, forfeit $50. To close 1st of January, 1837.

SPRING, 1839.

Match, mile heats, First meeting, 1839, between Mr. Tillotson's filly by Barefoot, out of Polly Jones and Mr. J. C. Stevens' Henry colt, out of Romp.

Match, mile heats, First meeting, 1839, between Mr. Tillotson's colt, by Gohanna, out of Medoc's dam, and Mr. Robt. L. Stevens' colt, out of Polly Hopkins, by Emilius.

Match, mile heats, between the produce of the dam of Ariel, by Gohanna, belonging to Mr Hamlin, and the produce of the dam of Post Boy, by Barefoot, of Mr. S. Neale; First meeting, 1839.

Match, Second meeting, 1839, mile heats, between the colts of Col. W. Hampton, and Mr. Robt. L. Stevens.

Produce Sweepstakes, mile heats, First meeting, Spring, 1839. Entrance $1000, forfeit $250, and closed.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Robt. Tillotson names produce of Polly Jones and Barefoot.
2. A. P. Hamlin names produce of Empress and Gohanna.
3. J. C. Craig names produce of Reality and Shark.
4. A. L. Botts names produce of Ostrich and Gohanna.
5. John Heth names produce of Arietta and Shark.
6. J. C. Stevens names produce of Romp and Henry.
7. Robt. Tillotson names produce of Medoc's dam and Gohanna.
8. R. F. Stockton names produce of Miss Mattie and Shark.
9. Also produce of Powancey and Shark.
10. J. Bathgate names produce of Highland Mary and Barefoot.
11. S. L. Gouverneur names produce of Garland and Barefoot.
12. Robt. L. Stevens names produce of Polly Hopkins and Emilius.
13. Also produce of Lalla Rookh and Henry.

OPEN.

Sweepstakes, Mile heats, First meeting, Spring, 1339. Entrance $1000, forfeit $250. Second in the race of receive back stakes: 4 or more to make a race, and close 1st of January, 1837.

1. S. L. Gouverneur names produce of Geranium and Barefoot.
2. J. C. Stevens names produce of Black Maria and Gohanna.

OPEN.

Sweepstakes, Mile heats, First meeting, 1839 Entrance $300, forfeit $100. To close 1st of January, 1837.

1. H. Wilkes names produce of Saluda and Barefoot.
2. J. Bathgate names produce of Maid of the Mill and Barefoot.
3. John C. Stevens names produce of Janette and Gohanna.

FALL, 1839.

OPEN.

Sweepstakes, Two mile heats, First meeting, Fall, 1839. Entrance $300, forfeit $100. To close 1st of January, 1837.

1. H. Wilkes names produce of Saluda and Barefoot.
2. J. Bathgate names produce of Maid of the Mill and Barefoot.
3. J. C. Stevens names produce of Janette and Gohanna.

SPRING, 1840.

OPEN.

Produce Stake, First meeting, Spring, 1839. Entrance $300, forfeit $100. To close 1st of January, 1837.

OPEN.

Produce Stake, Second meeting, 1840. Entrance $1000, forfeit $250. The second in heat to receive back stakes, unless one should win a heat and not be distanced. Four or more to make a race, and close the 1st of January, 1837.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. J. P. Corbin names produce of Preston's dam, by Star.
2. S. Mallory names produce of Caroline James, by Eclipse.
3. John C. Stevens names produce of ——————.
4. J. M. Selden names produce of ——————.
5. Wm. R. Johnson names produce of ——————.
6. S. L. Gouverneur names produce of ——————.
7. B. B. Seaman names produce of Agnes and Barefoot.
8. W. Livingston names produce of Alice Grey and Tonson.
9. Also produce of Jemima and Barefoot.
10. I. S. Snedecor names produce of Blank and Barefoot.

FALL, 1840.

OPEN.

Produce Stakes, Two mile heats. Entrance $300, forfeit $100. Four or more to make race, and close 1st of January, 1837.

The above is correctly copied from the Secretary's book, this 12th day of November, 1836.

ALEX. L. BOTTS, Secretary N. Y. Jockey Club.

NEW-YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES;

A METROPOLITAN GAZETTE OF THE

SPORTING, LITERARY AND FASHIONABLE WORLD.

WILLIAM T. PORTER, EDITOR.

The NEW SERIES OF THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES, for Town and Country, commenced its publication on the 20th February, 1836, (the Old Series comprised five volumes and a supplement of four numbers), and will be published every Saturday morning, on fine imperial paper, and with beautiful type. Great care is taken to forward it, strongly enveloped and legibly directed, by the earliest mails, to its different subscribers throughout the Union, and particular attention is paid to its punctual and safe transmission, by ship, to foreign ports.

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EDWIN L. GARVIN,
PRINTER.